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# PATH TO STARDOM

Amusing short story

by

Clara Wallace  
OVERTON

FROM the front cubicle of Raymond's Beauty Shop on Hollywood Boulevard there is a spectacular section of film capital landscape to be seen. But at the moment the customer in this front cubicle could see nothing at all. Lillian had just put soap in her eye.

Inadvertently, of course. Just as three minutes before she had inadvertently put soap in the customer's other eye. Each time Lillian had said in her languid voice, "Oh, did some soap get in your eye?" And each time she had laid on a large corner of wet towel, lukewarm and dripping. It smeared Gail Wheeler's powder but did nothing to help her eye.

Gail was philosophical about the soap, but she wanted to do something about Lillian's voice — pull it together, brush off the throatiness, and place it one notch lower. It might then be beautiful, like Lillian herself. In the mirror Gail looked with admiration at Lillian's careless coppery hair, her green-gold eyes, at her small, straight nose. After six months in Hollywood Gail Wheeler had become accustomed to beauty. But Lillian was too indolent to care about herself, and so her beauty was as natural to her as her chewing-gum. In a world aching with vain dreams she seemed to Gail refreshingly purposeless. She had been at the sea with her boy friend yesterday, she said.

"How was the water?" asked Gail. "Warm?"

"I never go in the water," said Lillian. "I just like to stretch out on the sand. Cecil, that's my boy friend, is going to take his time off in the daytime so we can go down to the sea all the summer."

"Time off from what?" inquired Gail idly. "The Nutty-Cheeseburger, assistant manager there."

He's an

"I often have food there," said Gail. The shampoo was done and she was upright in the chair again, her head wrapped in a fresh towel that Lillian had brought. Gail watched the girl's slow, easy motions and wondered how it felt to be Lillian, unconsumed by the fire of unsatisfied talent. Or ambition, Lillian couldn't even set hair.

"Lillian will wash your hair and by the time she is finished—one of the other girls will set your hair," Raymond had said.

"I haven't seen you before," said Gail. "Have you just come to work here?"

"I came last week," said Lillian. "Before that I wasn't doing anything for a while."

"Do you like this kind of work?"

"It's all right . . ." Then Lillian went away to a new customer and presently a girl named Susan came in and took Gail out of the now damp turban.

"Now—the first wave here—and this part comes back—" After Lillian she was a marvel of speed and efficiency, and in no time at all Gail was ready to go under the dryer. Just as Susan put cotton wool over her ears Gail heard an irritated feminine voice in the next cubicle where Lillian was working. "Oh—you've put soap in my eye—"

For the next twenty-five minutes the dryer cut off all sound and Gail shut her eyes and forgot Hollywood. She was back in a draughty New York theatre reading a part. She knew the verdict before she was finished. "You have a beautiful voice, Miss Wheeler—" But the other girl got the part and Gail got the job as her voice coach.

The same work brought her a good salary at the studios of Syndicated Pictures; enough money to

"You're new here, aren't you?" the man asked pleasantly.

let her live in a comfortable hotel and have her hair done regularly at Raymond's.

Once in a while Gail had a sharp nostalgia for the grim chilliness of a rainy New York evening, for the hurrying crowds of her native city.

Susan came in again and combed Gail's silky hair and Gail, still a little flushed from the dryer, put on her felt hat and went out to pay her bill.

She went back to the studio to pick up a parcel. The day was officially over, but she ran into Mr. Reuben, one of the directors, in the corridor. He was in mournful mood. "What we need is a new star—a new personality. Something different, sweet but gorgeous."

"Why don't you advertise?" said Gail.

Mr. Reuben ignored that flippancy. "Sweet but gorgeous—" he was still murmuring as Gail left him.

It wasn't a new experience for Lillian to lose her job, nor did it depress her unduly, although Mr. Raymond's temper was impressive. It wasn't healthy to get as furious as that in hot salons and over nothing at all. What if that Mrs. Lawrence did get a little soap in her eye? Some people were so unreasonable. Lillian had noticed that in places where she had worked before. Two or three little mistakes and you lost your job. No use worrying about it.

"Good-night, Mr. Raymond," she said pleasantly.

In the cloakroom she changed into her own clothes and sauntered down the street. A short walk

away from the Boulevard she came to her destination, The Nutty-Cheeseburger.

This establishment occupied a large corner that was mostly parking space. As usual the space was filled with cars and a number of quick, pretty girls in short green skirts and pert caps were taking orders, hurrying back with trays. Lillian knew some of them, but she did not stop for any conversation. Instead, she went round to the service quarters at the back where a thin, dark-haired young man was checking orders.

"Hello, Cecil," said Lillian.

Cecil's face lit up. "Hello, darling—finished work?"

Lillian nodded absently. She was looking with interest at the food going by on a tray. With a more impersonal and expert glance at them Cecil noted down the proper amount for each one on a bill, which he added to the tray.

"The boss went to the races again," he confided to Lillian during a lull in the activity around them. "And I've had a frantically busy day. One of the girls was rude to a customer and I had to sack her. Now we're one short."

"I've just been sacked, too," said Lillian with the air of one just reminded of some trivial incident.

"What happened?"

"Nothing," said Lillian. "Except one of the fussy old customers got soap in her eye—"

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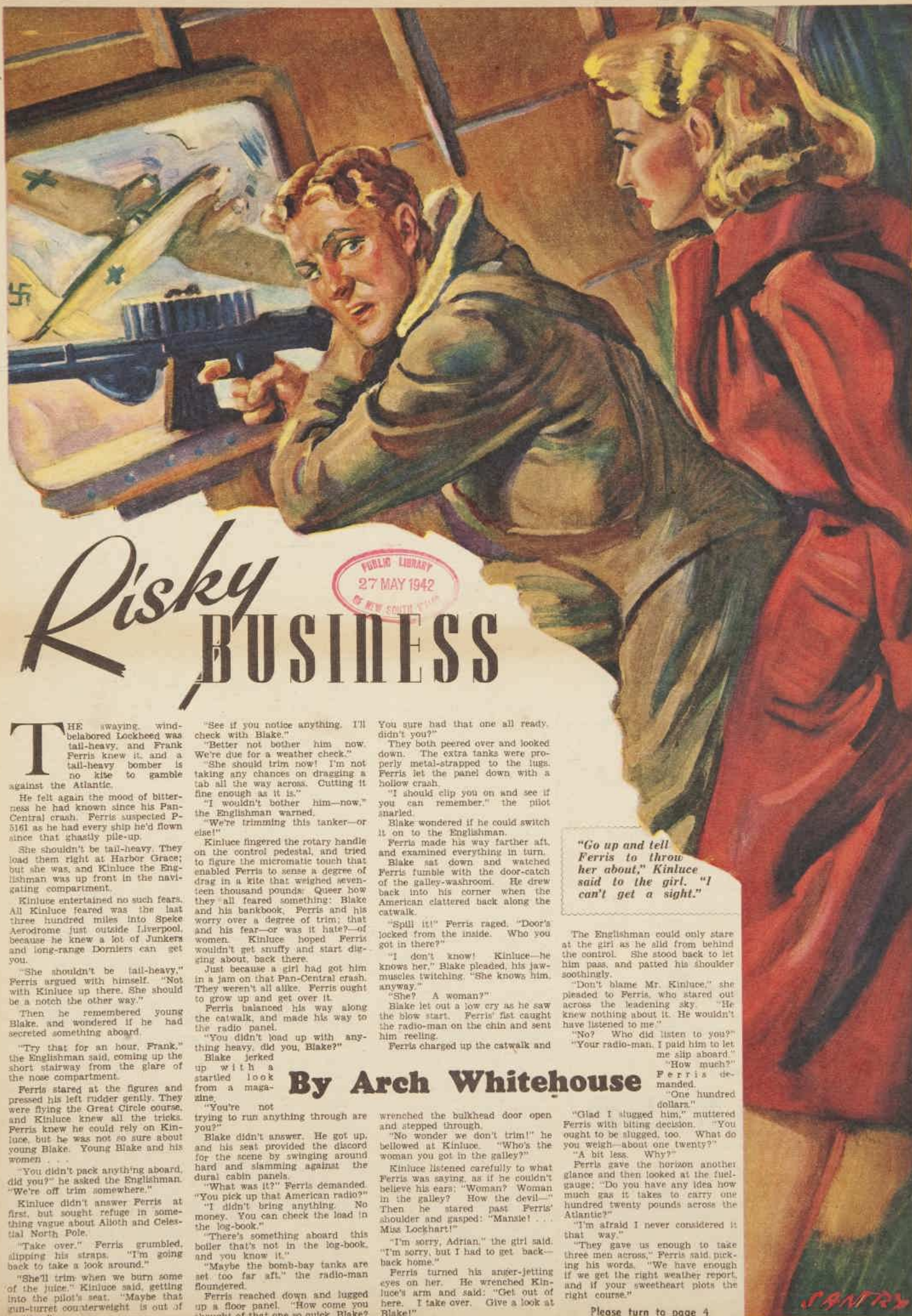


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# Risky BUSINESS

**T**HE swaying, wind-battered Lockheed was tail-heavy, and Frank Ferris knew it, and a tail-heavy bomber is no kite to gamble against the Atlantic.

He felt again the mood of bitterness he had known since his Pan-Central crash. Ferris suspected P-51s as he had every ship he'd flown since that ghastly pile-up.

She shouldn't be tail-heavy. They load them right at Harbor Grace; but she was, and Kinluc the Englishman was up front in the navigating compartment.

Kinluc entertained no such fears. All Kinluc feared was the last three hundred miles into Speke Aerodrome just outside Liverpool, because he knew a lot of Junkers and long-range Dorniers can get you.

"She shouldn't be tail-heavy," Ferris argued with himself. "Not with Kinluc up there. She should be a notch the other way."

Then he remembered young Blake, and wondered if he had secreted something aboard.

"Try that for an hour, Frank," the Englishman said, coming up the short stairway from the glare of the nose compartment.

Ferris stared at the figures and pressed his left rudder gently. They were flying the Great Circle course, and Kinluc knew all the tricks. Ferris knew he could rely on Kinluc, but he was not so sure about young Blake. Young Blake and his women.

"You didn't pack anything aboard, did you?" he asked the Englishman. "We're off trim somewhere."

Kinluc didn't answer Ferris at first, but sought refuge in something vague about Alloth and Celestial North Pole.

"Take over," Ferris grumbled, slipping his straps. "I'm going back to take a look around."

"She'll trim when we burn some of the juice," Kinluc said, getting into the pilot's seat. "Maybe that gun-turret counterweight is out of position."

"See if you notice anything. I'll check with Blake."

"Better not bother him now. We're due for a weather check."

"She should trim now! I'm not taking any chances on dragging a tab all the way across. Cutting it fine enough as it is."

"I wouldn't bother him now," the Englishman warned.

"We're trimming this tanker—or else!"

Kinluc fingered the rotary handle on the control pedestal, and tried to figure the micromatic touch that enabled Ferris to sense a degree of drag in a kite that weighed seventeen thousand pounds. Queer how they all feared something: Blake and his bankbook, Ferris and his worry over a degree of trim; that and his fear—or was it hate?—of women.

Kinluc hoped Ferris wouldn't get snuffy and start disgorging about back there.

Just because a girl had got him in a jam on that Pan-Central crash. They weren't all alike. Ferris ought to grow up and get over it.

Ferris balanced his way along the catwalk, and made his way to the radio panel.

"You didn't load up with anything heavy, did you, Blake?"

Blake jerked up with a startled look from a magazine.

"You're not trying to run anything through are you?"

Blake didn't answer. He got up, and his seat provided the discord for the scene by swinging around hard and slamming against the dural cabin panels.

"What was it?" Ferris demanded.

"You pick up that American radio?"

"I didn't bring anything. No money. You can check the lead in the log-book."

"There's something aboard this boiler that's not in the log-book, and you know it."

"Maybe the bomb-bay tanks are set too far aft," the radio-man floundered.

Ferris reached down and tugged up a floor panel. "How come you thought of that one so quick, Blake?"

You sure had that one all ready, didn't you?"

They both peered over and looked down. The extra tanks were properly metal-strapped to the lugs. Ferris let the panel down with a hollow crash.

"I should clip you on and see if you can remember," the pilot snarled.

Blake wondered if he could switch it on to the Englishman.

Ferris made his way farther aft, and examined everything in turn.

Blake sat down and watched Ferris fumble with the door-catch of the galley-washroom. He drew back into his corner when the American clattered back along the catwalk.

"Spill it!" Ferris raged. "Door's locked from the inside. Who you got in there?"

"I don't know! Kinluc—he knows her," Blake pleaded, his jaw-muscles twitching. "She knows him, anyway."

"She? A woman?"

Blake let out a low cry as he saw the blow start. Ferris' flat caught the radio-man on the chin and sent him reeling.

Ferris charged up the catwalk and

wrenched the bulkhead-door open and stepped through.

"No wonder we don't trim!" he bellowed at Kinluc. "Who's the woman you got in the galley?"

Kinluc listened carefully to what Ferris was saying, as if he couldn't believe his ears. "Woman? Woman in the galley? How the devil—"

Then he stared past Ferris' shoulder and gasped: "Man! ... Mus Lockhart!"

"I'm sorry, Adrian," the girl said. "I'm sorry, but I had to get back—back home."

Ferris turned his anger-jetting eyes on her. He wrenched Kinluc's arm and said: "Get out of here. I take over. Give a look at Blake!"

**"Go up and tell Ferris to throw her about," Kinluc said to the girl. "I can't get a sight."**

The Englishman could only stare at the girl as he slid from behind the control. She stood back to let him pass, and patted his shoulder soothingly.

"Don't blame Mr. Kinluc," she pleaded to Ferris, who stared out across the leadening sky. "He knew nothing about it. He wouldn't have listened to me."

"No? Who did listen to you?"

"Your radio-man. I paid him to let me slip aboard."

"How much?" Ferris demanded.

"One hundred dollars."

"Glad I slugged him," muttered Ferris with biting decision. "You ought to be slugged, too. What do you weigh—about one twenty?"

"A bit less. Why?"

Ferris gave the horizon another glance and then looked at the fuel-gauge: "Do you have any idea how much gas it takes to carry one hundred twenty pounds across the Atlantic?"

"I'm afraid I never considered it that way."

"They gave us enough to take three men across," Ferris said, picking his words. "We have enough if we get the right weather report, and if your sweetheart plots the right course."

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## By Arch Whitehouse

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"Are precious now—conserve them all!"

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We must give up lavish ways of living until after the war is won, must economise labour by using all materials sparingly.

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## Kidney Trouble Causes Backache

If you're feeling out of sorts, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Backs Aching, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds, or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

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**"YOU'RE** making a grave mistake. I never saw Mr. Kinluc until a few days ago—in Montreal."

"Don't argue. You're a passenger, and you can be an expensive passenger."

"I had to get back. I couldn't stay there—doing nothing!"

"You sure did something now. The British Government smacks down a thousand a month to three guys for tooling these luggers across the ocean. We're worth a grand a month—even Blake. This is no pink tea, sister. If we run short of gas, we hit the drink. And where does a girl like you get one hundred smackers to buy out crummy radio-men?"

"I didn't get it that way," the girl said sullenly. "That's money they gave us when we landed. We needed decent clothes."

"Sure bought some, too. Well, I hope you don't get them wet." "That wouldn't worry me. I've hit the drink before, as you so tenderly put it. I know what it is like."

"Yes. Out of a bottle. You should stay out of those dives, and you wouldn't get such queer ideas." Mansie Lockhart blazed with frustration, spun on her heel and went aft. She knew Kinluc would need help with the injured man.

Ferris had several minutes to himself for silent reflection. He thought back to the Pan-Central crash, and regretted for the thousandth time that he was back with that dizzy air hostess when the port engine supercharger let go. The crackle of the metal spider when the Pratt and Whitney engine ripped out!

Young Coates should have known they were building up pressure. But Coates "went west," and that air hostess sold him out before the C.A.A. crash-investigation board because she had a scratch across her cheek. Wanted to sue him.

Kinluc came forward: "I say! You really slugged Blake."

"Serves him right. A guy who will sell—"

"But we're overdue on the weather check, you know. Someone ought to be on the set. They won't give it on demand, Ferris."

"Can't you take over? You have a ticket. Call Botwood!"

The Englishman checked the time. "We're minutes over!" His face was white.

"Get back there and try to contact Botwood. If they have given it out they will have waited for our check. Keep the transmitter open, won't they?"

"It's a risky business," Kinluc said, thinking more of the last three hundred miles than the weather and the fuel consumption.

He went back, over the girl who was kneeling beside Blake, and jacked in the injured man's head-set. He glanced at the wave-length dial and twisted the rheostat gently.

No carrier hum.

He consulted his watch again, made a quick calculation, snapped the transmitting switch up, and pecked gingerly at the key.

"Confound!" he said sharply, snapping the switch again and biting his upper lip. "That was the recognition signal of the last trip! Changed this trip. Confound!"

He listened again. Still no carrier hum.

"Anything wrong?" the girl asked, getting up.

"We've missed the weather check. It's mainly about the wind. We get it three hundred miles out, or thereabouts. It's just a cold radio report, and we go up to the level they give, and stay there until we have covered about six hours more of flight. We have synchronised watches and have to keep our set open to get it."

"Can't you call back?"

"No! They won't accept the call. Might be a Jerry trick."

"You can't chance headwinds, can you?"

"They do a good weather job from Botwood," was all Kinluc would add to that.

"But if you were in danger, couldn't you ask for the altitude on an emergency call?"

"There are four other Lockheeds in this flight somewhere strung out ahead of us. They'd rather lose one than five," Kinluc said coldly. "Anything out of Blake yet?"

"He got a wicked tonk on the back of the head."

"Wish I could remember our recognition signal."

The girl tried to piece out some segment of hope. She steadied herself against the handrail as the craft lurched against a sudden concussion of cross-wind. P-5161 swished her tail and shouldered

## Risky Business

Continued from page 3

into the aerial breakers again. "Isn't there a cot aboard this thing?" Mansie asked.

"That frame behind you folds down. Let's get him on that, poor devil."

They dragged Blake's feet together, made a pillow out of canvas engine-covers and threw a civilian ulster over him.

"What a little fool I was," the girl muttered.

"It was a soggy idea. Never realised what you were up to when you were prodding me in Montreal."

"But it was the only way. One can't stay over here when you're needed over there." She brought restraint into it with "But you can't break the rules in war, can you?"

"You know," he said quietly, peering about, "old Ferris sensed it at once. He can tell if there's one too many coats of paint on a rudder, I think. I thought it was something I'd brought aboard."

"What are you afraid of?" she asked simply. She was wondering what he had secreted aboard.

Kinluc was staring out of the small oblong window near the panel, and there was fear in his eyes.

"We mustn't be intercepted," he said quietly. "We mustn't risk that. Jerry has long-range kites well out, you know, and we may have to run for it. They—they don't give us guns. We only carry the brackets."

"On account of the weight?" she asked, piling the evidence against herself.

"On account of the weight—that is." But Kinluc did not complete the confirmation of her fear. "It's because the guns they will fit will be—well, different."

"You don't lie very well, do you, Adrian?"

"Well, we don't want a scramble, with you on board," he added with a nervous gesture.

**S**HE knew what a scramble meant. That was war in the air—R.A.F. patter. She knew, too, the grim fear that was shredding Kinluc's moral fibre. She knew then why the Englishman was navigating Lockheeds across the Atlantic instead of guiding bombers to Berlin.

"Well, there's no use my wasting time here. I have a course to keep. Make yourself comfortable, and don't do anything else silly."

He went forward again.

Perris greeted him with a grimace that was a composite of relief, bitterness and scorn.

"We're on our own. Completely on our own," said Kinluc.

"Blake still out?"

"You really bashed him."

"I'm sorry, in a way," the pilot related. "What about her?"

"Doing the best she can with him. He'll be out all the way over, I'm afraid." His eyes glanced at the speed indicator, and then took in the rev-counters. They were on sixty-five per cent throttle, and he knew they should be doing better than that.

Ferris put it into words for him. "Yeh. We're getting a headwind. Have a devil of a time getting anywhere this way. Get me a position, and then come back and take a spell of this."

Kinluc looked at the American and gave up with an involuntary gesture. He checked carefully for twelve minutes, and blew a flare to get a drift valuation. He nailed their position, drew in his breath at the revelation, and marked it down on a card in red pencil.

Ferris said, "Jehosophat!" when he saw the figures, and slipped from behind the control pedestal to let Kinluc take over again. He went back and stooped over the girl, who was soaking a gauze pad.

"What's he got?—Concussion?"

"Afraid so," she said. "Can't you radio for medical advice?"

"What, and get us all dished? Why risk it for one man?"

The girl stared at him. "This is a man's world, isn't it?" she said. "This is a man's game, and you have no right breaking into it." He taunted. "Maybe we won't get in, anyway."

"You won't be able to get out of it that way."

"Get out of what?"

"Assault! You hit him, didn't you?"

"That was your fault. He'll have to stand up against some sort of bribery charge," he fumed. "Why did you pull this, anyway?"

"I had to get back. They wouldn't give me a permit to return."

"Get back to what?"

"Home!"

He was staring down at the girl now, wondering why she hadn't stayed in Canada or the United States. What did she want to get back to that hell on earth for? He remembered the night they lay off in the Mersey, waiting to go back when the Stukas were blasting Liverpool and ripping the docks to tangles of steel skeletons.

What did she mean, home?

"If we hit the drink," Ferris said, punctuating his words with his forefinger, "you'll have spoiled a record that has stood for more than one hundred flights."

"I was sorry at first," she flamed up. "I'm not sorry now. The weight value didn't enter my head. Can't you see my side of it at all? I have as much right to take risks as any of you."

"You must think war is some sort of glorified Peacock Alley just designed for wenches like you. Pictures in the paper, fancy uniforms, and nights out with the Air Force boys. I'm going to get a big kick watching you scream when we hit—if we do!"

"I've had my pictures in the paper, and it was no Peacock Alley show."

"Winding bandages for the Red Cross? You broads are a dime a dozen," he taunted.

"Hardly! I was wringing wet; I had the sniffles, and my knees were out of my stockings."

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## As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): May 30 (near 8 a.m.) and May 31 (after 10 p.m.) only favor you for modest change and progress.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Consolidate past gains, instead of starting new ventures. June 2 (evening after 8.30 p.m.) best but weak.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Plan and work well seeking advancement, favors, or other gains and changes, for success is likely. May 26 (before 8 a.m.) particularly good. Also May 27, but after 5 p.m. only.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): May 27 (in sunset) and June 2 (afternoon) mildly difficult. May 29 (clear noon and midnight) just fair.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): Very fair for modest ventures on May 26 (from dawn to 8 a.m.), May 27 (evening only), and May 30 (near 8 a.m.).

**VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Be cautious now. Overconfidence can cause upsets, difficulties and annoyances, especially on May 26 and 31.

**LIBRA** (September 21 to October 21): Get busy, Librans, for good fortune can now shine on you. Seek changes, progress, or favors, especially on May 26 (from

dawn to 8 a.m., balance fair) and May 27 (after 5 p.m.).

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): Uneventful this week, but May 26 (early morning) and May 29 (near noon and midnight) fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 21 to December 21): Be guarded, for parings, losses, upsets, unwelcome changes and opposition of quarrels can dominate your affairs now. May 30 (to 8 a.m. and near 1 p.m.) poor. May 31 adverse.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 21): Just mediocre for most Capricorns, so strenuous affairs. May 27 (no dusk), and June 2 poor.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 21): Be ambitious and hard working at this time, for your fortunes should improve. Make good use of May 26 (to 8 a.m., balance fair) and May 27 (after 5 p.m., only).

**PISCES** (February 21 to March 21): Avoid risks of all kinds. Upsets, delays or difficulties can result, especially on May 26 and May 31.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary—a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer six letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

# MURDER FOR TEA

A lion's head ring provides a clue — Our mystery serial

## The story so far:

SHAWN COSGRAVE, famous author of detective thrillers, encountered adventures more startling than he had written of when he accompanied his wife KIT on a visit to her AUNT LIDE.

Three deaths in mysterious circumstances followed in quick succession and Shawn undertook investigations into the murders and a bank robbery that was considered to have bearing on the cases. Two of the murdered people, MRS. CHATTY PHILLIPS and MRS. EVE ROBERTSON, were socially prominent, and Eve's husband, TOM, found dead in the river, was a leading banker.

Shawn sneaks from his home one night to conduct some private investigations, and Kit, fearing for his safety, goes in search of him assisted by JIMMY COLLINS. When they meet SHAWN he tells them they have picked up the men who did the robbery, their leader being NICHOLAS FIEROCCELLI. The story is related by Kit.

Now read on:

IT hadn't been easy to locate Fierocelli. It had taken strategy and a cleverness over and above anything the sergeant might have displayed—we had his word for it. It had involved a couple of games of pool with a somewhat abrupt change to throwing dice and then a further shift to poker.

"Although," Shawn said passionately, "I had won and twice over if I'd been able to trust to my luck and the cards I was given!"

Presently, after a run of losses, he'd confessed his money gone. A discreet showing of the diamond had followed and an intimation of his willingness to part with it to a suitable buyer.

"After that it was simply a case of trot out Fierocelli or one of his minions, and as it happened I'd picked my man well. He knew of a party who knew of a party who knew of somebody else, and the train was started."

It took time to get to Fierocelli and the process involved a good deal of walking into saloons and asking questions in low, secretive voices and more showings of the diamond. Until, presently, in Butch's Beer Parlor the bartender admitted that he believed he'd heard you might find a market for that kind of stuff by going to a certain address and asking for "the Greek."

"So there I was," Shawn said, "set for the great adventure." It was then that luck played its part. The address to which they'd been sent was that of a cheap rooming house which, by a coincidence, was directly beside the hotel in which Eve Robertson's body had been found.

The hotel was still under police surveillance, and the bored detective who lounged upon the porch of the opposite house stiffened a little as he recognised Shawn Cosgrave in the company of a gentleman called Benny Rade, well known to the police for petty thievery and habitual drunkenness.

"So he said, 'Oho, what have we here?'" Shawn said, "and then he buzzed off to a telephone to call Sergeant O'Connor."

The sergeant, wakened for the second time in regard to the movements of the annoying Mr. Cosgrave, proceeded to do a little mental arithmetic. To the sum of the telephone calls, he added Shawn's inexplicable absence, to which he coupled his immoderate interest in Fierocelli as displayed that morning in headquarters and the result he ascertained was sufficient to send him scurrying into his clothes.

He went to the police station, where he acquired a squad of men, and then drove to Lower Town.

"Arriving," Shawn said disgustedly, "just in time to ruin my

act. I hadn't got to Fierocelli—he was talking to one guy and there were a couple ahead of us. I did a little kicking then, but my guide assured me I wouldn't have to wait long—that the Greek did quick business—so I grumbled a bit and said I'd wait. And then O'Connor smashed in."

"And high time, too," Jimmy said. "Suppose somebody besides the cop had recognised you. In a den like that they might have taken the diamond away from you and cut your throat."

Shawn shrugged. "Oh, it wasn't likely. These clothes and I'd dirtied my face and hands some and I didn't talk much and when I did it was sideways—like this." He illustrated.

I tried to imagine a Shawn who didn't talk much and gave it up. I said, "But that's not all. What happened then?"

"I'm not sure. It's rather mixed up. Police seemed to come up out of the earth. My pal got away, I think, but they got the yeggs ahead of me and as they had with them darn near all of the stuff stolen from the Bethune Jewellery Store the sergeant's happy."

"Fierocelli?" "He got away. He always does. I understand. The rest of it was tame—it remained for him to provide our only touch of melodrama. His exit was in the best movie tradition. He shot out the lights—one shot—and departed through a window."

Jimmy lit a thoughtful cigarette. "And the other man?" The one he'd been cloaked with?" "Gone too. Through the window."

I was watching him suspiciously. There was a look in his eye—

"That's not all," I said. "You're keeping something back!"

"I am that," Shawn agreed placidly.

"You know who he was?"

Shawn shook his head. "No." Abruptly he got to his feet. In the proscribed limits of the kitchen he seemed to tower above us.

"No," he said again. "I don't know. I wish I did. Because on the table at which he and Fierocelli had been sitting there was some jewellery. Pearls and an emerald ring and a diamond and sapphire bar pin and earrings—square-cut diamonds set with pearls."

"Eve's!" I said. "They were Eve's!"

"Yes," Shawn said. "Oh, they'll have to be identified but there's no mistake. And they're the right ones, too. No paste there. I say! What's the matter with you, Kit?"

"Because I was on my feet, too, I'd thought of some—those things that John Phillips had told me—"

I said and I heard myself stammering with excitement: "That man who got away—he must have been the murderer!"

Shawn had hold of my wrist. He said, "What do you mean? How do you know?"

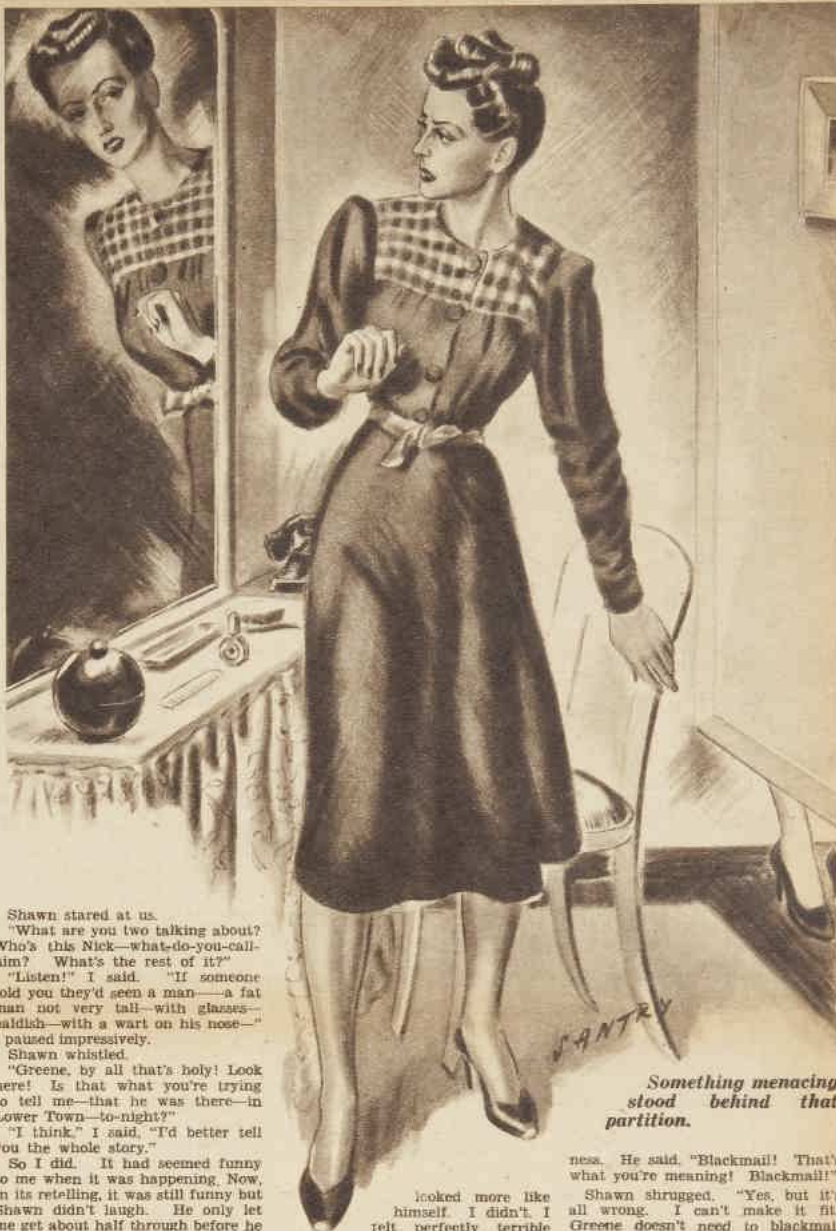
Hastily, still held by him, I reviewed what John Phillips had told me that afternoon. Shawn listened without comment, although his fingers tightened upon my wrist as I told of my fears about entering that office.

"And so," I finished, "the man who was blackmailing Eve was the one who had her jewels, and he killed Chatty—he must have killed her—because she knew, and Tom and Eve—"

"I see," Shawn said slowly. "You mean that if the jewels were there to-night, he brought them. Well—it sounds reasonable. It's a pity we don't know who he was."

"But we do!" I said. "That's it—I think I do! Jimmy, you remember Nick Popodopolous—and the waiter—and the man he said had been beaten up by the police?"

"Sure," Jimmy said. He began to grin. "Sure I remember."



Shawn stared at us. "What are you two talking about? Who's this Nick—what-do-you-call-him? What's the rest of it?"

"Listen!" I said. "If someone told you they'd seen a man—a fat man not very tall—with glasses—baldish—with a wart on his nose—I paused impressively."

Shawn whistled.

"Greene, by all that's holy! Look here! Is that what you're trying to tell me—that he was there—in Lower Town—to-night?"

"I think," I said, "I'd better tell you the whole story."

So I did. It had seemed funny to me when it was happening. Now, in its retelling, it was still funny but Shawn didn't laugh. He only let me get about half through before he dashed out of the room.

I said to Jimmy, "Come on—if he's going anywhere we are too!" But he didn't go farther than the telephone. We stood meekly by while he gave the sergeant's number. Almost at once we heard the sergeant's bellows.

"Listen!" Shawn said crisply. "Compare any fingerprints found with Fierocelli's with those of Darien Greene. You haven't got his fingerprints? Well, why on earth haven't you? Well, get them, then. I'm trying to tell you—my wife says

looked more like himself. I didn't. I felt perfectly terrible and I looked worse. There were black circles under my eyes, my skin felt like sandpaper and I had a racking headache."

I said to Shawn, "I'm going to find a beauty parlor and I'm going to let it do things to me—facials and manicures and shampoos and oil baths and massages—I may even try a henna rinse!"

Shawn didn't appear alarmed. He laughed. He said placidly. "Try it, darling. A red-headed wife would be nice for a change!"

I was still trying to decide whether or not to be angry when the sergeant arrived. Candor compels me to state that he looked worse than I did. Obviously he'd taken no time for change of clothes or rest or even for a shave.

He sat down heavily and stared at us out of bloodshot, sleep-blearied eyes. He said, "There weren't any fingerprints," and Shawn said cheerfully, "Well, I didn't really think there would be, did you?"

The sergeant grunted. He said, "What about Greene?"

Shawn grinned. He said, "That's my wife's pigeon, O'Connor. All right, Kit—tell us what you know."

The sergeant didn't seem to think it was much. He sighed. Fidgeted. "Yeah. Well, maybe. But he wasn't with the mugs we pulled in last night and anyway—what's the angle? I don't get it!"

"There isn't any unless you take it this way," Shawn said slowly. "Greene was Robertson's lawyer—and Mrs. Phillips. He took Eve Robertson down to Lower Town before she was killed. He admits it. As a lawyer he might have had access to information the rest of the world did not."

The sergeant was sitting very straight. He'd forgotten his weary-

ness. He said, "Blackmail! That's what you're meaning! Blackmail!"

Shawn shrugged. "Yes, but it's all wrong. I can't make it fit. Greene doesn't need to blackmail anyone. He makes money. Try and get a minute with him if you think he doesn't. He's harder to reach than the President and twice as busy."

"Then what was he doing in Lower Town?" the sergeant demanded. "Oh, I know there ain't an answer. I'm sick of this whole screwy case. Look at it! A woman gets poisoned while a couple of hundred people stand around and nobody knows who done it or why or even where the poison could have come from. Then a man's killed and a safe's blown while people wonder what was the noise and a bunch of dopes stand around to watch the guys who did it hop in their car and drive off."

"And that ain't all!" The sergeant flapped his hands despairingly. "We got another murder and a brace of threatening letters and a mess of jewellery that you don't know whether or not it's going to be real or phony the next time you see it—"

It was too much. He dropped his head and remained sunk in a misery beyond all expressing.

I was so sorry for him that I tried to be consoling. I said, "But you've got the men who robbed Bethune's. That's something!"

Sergeant O'Connor turned on me with something like a snarl.

"Sure I've got them and evidence enough to put 'em up on the hill and a lot of good it'll do me. Know what their story is? They blew the vault—sure. They say they did—and they took the stuff but it wasn't their idea and they weren't even getting a cut. They were hired to do that job for fifty bucks apiece—"

"By someone whom they never saw in daylight and consequently couldn't identify if they did see him again," Shawn interrupted.

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# WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

By RUTH MITCHELL

THREE persons were greatly pleased when Linda at last made up her mind to marry Martin Cummings—Martin himself, Uncle Basil and her Aunt Martha—who had brought her up, all the way from five years old to twenty-two.

Her relatives wanted safety for their niece because of the way her mother had messed up her life. Linda's mother had been a gay, light-minded thing without a spark of ambition, and while her older sister was pushing and prodding her through a business course she ran away with a vaudeville actor she'd known four days. They knew six years of happiness. Her death followed quickly on his and their daughter went to her uncle and aunt.

She had her neat little room and nice enough clothes and not enough dusting and dish-washing to interfere with her homework. The piano was sold when she was seven because she was picking out tunes she still remembered from the old days, and they never had a wireless, but she sang like a subdued bee over her mending and bed-making.

Her Aunt Martha had Linda do the marketing on her way home from the kindergarten school where she taught, in order to have her learn the value of money, and her Uncle Basil good-humoredly showed her off to Martin.

"Well, well! Asparagus, eh? First of the season. What'd you have to pay for it, Linda?"

Now she was snugly engaged to Martin Cummings, who had wanted her since her schooldays.

She and Martin did have one taste in common; they both liked crosswords. Linda first found the fascination of this game at a friend's house and then bought the paper with the prize puzzle each week. It was a nice, impersonal way to spend the evenings.

Martin accompanied her on one of those rare occasions when she went to the High School concert. Linda led the way to the seats she had selected in the third row.

"Couldn't we sit right on the drum?" Martin wanted to know. He didn't care much for music.

Linda apologized. "But I like to watch his hands. I like to watch their faces watching him!" She leaned back, her long narrow hands limp in her lap. She listened. She looked at the leader. He was tall and thin and rangy and red-headed. He towered over the young musicians. He poured music into them and he pulled it out of them. When the number was finished he turned round and grinned at the applauding people and with a beckoning sweep of his long arm brought the orchestra to its feet and patted the shoulder of his dark-haired concert master.

The concert master's mother was sitting beside Linda and she was wiping her eyes. "When I think what he's done with Don!" she said, chokily. "We'd been having such a time with him—licked twice, and next time they'd have expelled him. And now even his school marks have gone up. When we tried to thank Mr. Lloyd he said—'harmony, rhythm, that's all there is to it!'"

"Yes, of course," Linda whispered, not looking at her. She was licking up, her face lifted and tipped to one side, and Eben Lloyd looked down at her and nodded, with a different sort of grin.

Don's mother went on:

"He gives Don extra coaching at his place in the West Woods. You know—the old Bell house. He's got it furnished so attractively—pictures of famous musicians and all kinds of instruments and he

cooks things for the young ones. Have you been out there?"

"No," said Linda forlornly. "Well, then, you come with me some time."

It was the second day after that when Linda met Eben Lloyd as she was walking home from school. He stopped dead in front of her, so she was obliged to stop, too.

"Hello," he said. "You know me and I want to know you!"

"I'm Linda Bell," she told him.

He gave a muffled shout. "You're Tinker Bell! Perfect!"

The conversation seemed to need stabilising. "I teach the kindergarten," Linda said.

He studied her. "When you looked up—at the concert—you were distinctly saying—'Maestro, could you spare a dream?' Why was that? And who's the prominent young citizen who sat so solidly beside you? Doesn't like music much, does he? But you do like music, don't you?"

Linda said in a fervent whisper—"I adore it!"

"Of course you do. Come with me to hear the symphony concert?"

"I'd love it—oh, I couldn't possibly," she said, aware, suddenly, of the fantastic quality of the encounter. "Martin will take me if I ask. He's very kind to me."

He was still studying her. "Lots of you at home?—brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers. I mean?"

Linda shook her head. There was just herself. But she'd had a wonderful home with her aunt and uncle; she was a lucky girl.

"And the prominent citizen?" he probed.

Her face flamed. "Yes, Martin and I—you see, we've known each other all our lives."

"Well, that's rather awful, isn't it? No surprises, no discoveries."

Then, incredibly, she heard herself saying—"My mother knew my father just four days before they ran away together!" Then she, likewise, ran away, in a panic of embarrassment.

Eben Lloyd's laughter ran after her. Linda seemed to keep on hearing it, even after she was out of earshot, and it stayed with her all evening when she wasn't thinking of him at all, but of her kind, faithful Martin.

He was flushed and peaceful when she came downstairs with her darning. Martin put a hot, tight arm about her and brought his face very close. "What was that about wanting to go and hear the symphony concert?" he asked.

"Oh, Martin!" she said eagerly.

"Might see what it costs, anyway." Both the Gunnisons were out of the room and he kissed her, warm and lingeringly, but Linda was very patient about it.

Next day she met Eben Lloyd again, and told him she was going to the symphony concert.

"Good girl," he said. "With me?"

"With Martin Cummings," she corrected him primly.

The Welchman grinned and waved and swung away.

Linda bought a new dress to wear to the concert, although Mrs. Gunnison thought the blue crepe, just back from the cleaner's, would do nicely. The new frock gave her a Quakerish look or perhaps more early Puritan. But Linda didn't



"Know this?" Eben asked, starting to play.

think much about her clothes, for her mind was fixed upon the music she was going to hear.

Three days before the concert her aunt called, "Martin's on the phone, Linda!"

It was Martin's most typical voice, pleasant, assured. "I say, look, Linda," he began. "About that concert affair. I think perhaps our idea wasn't so hot. I mean, what do you think that little jaunt would cost us?"

There was a pause before Linda said she hadn't any idea.

"I bet you hadn't. Well, petrol, running costs, garage—and they say it's a penny a mile every time you

haven't got your umbrella! Or your coat, even—or your hat! Linda, are you daft?"

Linda said she didn't think she was, but she didn't stop. First she walked and then she ran. To the West Woods. Then she saw Eben Lloyd striding on ahead of her and called out: "Wait!"

He not only waited. He came back to her in great leaps.

Linda said raggedly: "It would cost thirty shillings. So we're not going to the symphony concert."

"Oh, yes we are," he disputed comfortably. He took her elbow in a close grip and they started walking, not too fast, not slow, the rain coming gently down.

Never had she walked in the rain without an umbrella, without a hat, but it didn't seem any stranger than walking to West Woods with this red-headed Welchman, and yet it didn't seem strange at all.

There was a fire laid on his hearth and he soon had it crackling, with a satiny copper kettle swinging over the flame. A golden spaniel named Figaro came forward to inspect Linda with reserve which warmed to welcome. The room brimmed up with books and apilled over with pictures and musical instruments—piano and cello and fiddles and flutes.

"Sit down on that stool. Take off those sopping shoes and jacket!"

Eben said, and brought her a green dressing gown. He noticed her hands as she warmed them before the fire.

"Piano hands," Eben said, approving them. "You play, naturally."

"Naturally, a little; not any other way," Linda said, making a small gentle joke. "Aunt Martha sold the piano when I was seven. She said it was wiser. On account of my father."

He came and sat cross-legged on the hearth. "Tell me," he said.

So Linda told him. He didn't pry or prod, but it all came out—the small blurred memories of the troupers and the laughing, singing, dancing parents; the long, safe, comfortable years in the Gunnison house. She purred like a kitten with gratitude. She could understand why they didn't want her to be like her father; they said he didn't amount to anything but music. "Bad music, I suppose," she sighed, looking round the room.

"No," Eben said. "There's no such thing. If it's bad it isn't music. Come!" He held out a hand and swung her to her feet and led her to the piano. He picked up a violin. "Know this?" Then there was a tune, prinkish, wheedling, a silvery tune, mocking, perillously sweet.

"Yes!" Linda cried. "It's 'The Firefly.'" Her hands reached out of the big sleeves, long and loving on the keys, finding the chords.

## Security isn't everything

back out the car—and dinner at some restaurant where they'd probably do us—and the tickets—why, Linda, it runs up to thirty bob or more! So I said to myself, 'Heck! Thirty bob for one evening and nothing to show for it! Not much! We'll just slap that thirty bob straight into the little old savings account for a rainy day!' Am I right, Linda? Huh, Linda?" He waited, "Linda, did you get that?"

"Yes, I got that," Linda said clearly and pleasantly. "For a rainy day. And it's raining now, isn't it?" She hung up the receiver very gently and went out of the house.

Mrs. Gunnison called after her: "Linda, where are you going? You

rain without an umbrella, without a hat, but it didn't seem any stranger than walking to West Woods with this red-headed Welchman, and yet it didn't seem strange at all.

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"Sit down on that stool. Take off those sopping shoes and jacket!"

## GERMY'S END



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**Music let  
loose a captive  
spirit**



WYNNE DAVIES

*"The Firefly," Linda said happily, and began to play the opening chords.*

THEY had to stop when the kettle boiled, and toast french bread on a long fork. Eben said he was going to teach her, but she shook her head. "I don't believe we can do that. Martin—you see, Martin doesn't care very much for music."

Eben leaned nearer. It was growing dusky and the firelight was bright in his eyes on his red head. "Tinker, isn't that the answer?" When she shook her head he laughed. "You'll find out, at the symphony. A very great friend of mine will be there to explain it to you." He grinned at her wide eyes. "There's a buttery crumb on your chin." He wiped it off and kissed the place where it had been. Lightly and naturally, as if Linda had been two instead of twenty-two. She jumped up, then, pink and startled, and said it was late. She pulled on the stiff shoes and the jacket which was still a little clammy, not looking at him any more.

"I'll walk you home," he said, going out with her, taking her elbow again in a comradely grip. All the way home, Linda promised herself she would pretend she was really going with him to hear the symphony. There certainly could be no harm in making believe, but when she saw her Uncle Basil on the front lawn, waiting for the evening paper, and her Aunt Martha at the front door, and Martin's

face at the window, panic engulfed her.

"Oh, please don't come any further with me!" she begged. But he kept on beside her. "Our train leaves at four," he said. "You can make it easily. Good evening!" he hailed her uncle.

"How d'ye do?" Mr. Gunnison said civilly. "Looks like the rain's over. Lo, Linda. We're waiting supper for you. Evening!" he nodded to the departing Welshman. Uncle Basil walked into the house beside Linda. "You take it easy," he said under his breath.

His wife and Martin Cummings weren't taking it easy. They were amazed and angry and indignant, and very vocal.

"And I suppose that organ-grinder made love to you!" Martin said.

"He didn't!" Linda denied hotly. "He didn't make love to me. He made music to me."

"Well, that's just as bad!" Linda said, her face blazing. "Just as good!"

"Now, Linda Bell, you hush that loose talk!" her Aunt Martha snapped. "I believe you've lost your sense, running off in the rain—"

"Take it easy, Martha!" her husband admonished her. He sat down and flipped his napkin open. "I want my dinner. Well, well, those artichokes look mighty good! What'd you have to pay for 'em?"

It was hardly more than an hour's train ride to town. Linda sat beside

Ebenezer John Hugh Lloyd on a plush seat, in the new green dress, and her eyes were wide under the bonnet hat. She said she couldn't believe she was actually there because she'd given up all hope of coming. And then, in the same hour, Martin was sent off on bank business and her aunt summoned to a sick sister.

"The stars in their courses fight for us," he said. "They always will, Tinker Bell. Now, lean back and rest and tell me about your crosswords."

LINDA told him about the prizes she had won, and the competition for a sea voyage for two people to a golden strand—the one Martin said must have a catch in it somewhere.

"That's blasphemy," Eben said. "It makes me want to move on."

"You're not going away from here? From the orchestra—the children?" It frightened her.

"About ready to move on," he said cheerfully. "They're well on their way, now. There's a good lad ready to carry on." He liked to take over new raw groups, he said, and get them going, and then he liked to find another new raw group. It was a good feeling to remember snug little towns where there was a

leaven leavening the lump. To know you'd had a hand in making a sort of interlining for young lives which would keep them warm and kindled under patches; even under broadcloth.

There was time to walk over the Common; ample time for a slow and savory dinner in a dim old restaurant. They were in their seats before the tuning-up, and Eben could tell her everything she needed to know. It was the perfect programme, he said. It couldn't have suited them better if it had been a command performance.

He watched Linda through Bach and Beethoven, Debussy, Ravel.

She sat forward in her seat, as if she must dance or march—or fly. That was the mood in which they went to the taxi and to the train. They hardly spoke until they had settled themselves in their places.

Then Linda said: "I know now what you meant when you said a friend would talk to me."

"My friend Ravel. I know what he told you. He told you cages were not for you. He said to open the door and get out."

"Yes," Linda said. She took off her hat and watched him set it on the rack, and then he put a long arm about her and settled her head on his shoulder. "And now," he said, "I can kiss you."

After a while Linda began to pay attention to the words he was saying and not just to the sound of his voice.

"—to see my Granny in Wales. She's old as the hills and young as the morning. She'll be so pleased with me, after being cross for years because I didn't bring you to her. As if I could, when I hadn't even found you! We'll stay with her a while; not too long. Then we'll

go up to the north, and start again with a fresh raw bunch of High School kids." His words were like blocks; building a house of life with them for her to look at, and she looked at it and loved it. But under her happy thinking there ran a little fretful refrain which fitted itself to the click of wheels on rails. "What'll you have to pay for it? What'll you have to pay for it?"

Eben said, right into her thinking; "They'll miss you, of course, but time tempers everything. It's too bad about Cummings, because he's a good lad, but you needn't really worry about him, you know. His pride will smart, but he'll get himself another girl before the neighbors have time to tease him. A sensible girl, not one with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. You see? There isn't a thing to worry about!"

But before the Gunnisons' dark door, at one in the morning, he kissed her deeply and held her hard, and said: "Not a word to them, Tinker, till I'm there to take it with you! Good morning, my dear love. Put yourself to sleep remembering the music."

Linda meant to mind him, but Martin met someone who had been on the late train and telephoned her Aunt Martha, and when she came in, late from a teachers' meeting, they were waiting for her with their angry, bitter speeches all composed. They took turns, telling her about her scatterbrained mother and her worthless father, and the way it looked for an engaged girl to be going off with a strange fellow and not getting home till morning, and that it seemed the more you did for people the less they appreciated it, and that Lloyd needed to have his head punched. Then Mr. Gunnison, taking a good look at Linda, took a hand.

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259A



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"SOUNDS like a day with the Westchester bangle after an all-night cocktail-party."

"The newswreels said we had been in an open boat for seventy-six hours. They were all wrong."

"Newswreels? Wrong?"

"We were only adrift seventy-four hours," she said with a smirk that cut like a razor-blade.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" he said after a pause. He cupped her chin in his hand. "You're Mansie Lockhart—the Mansie Lockhart!"

He jerked her head up into the dim glow of the catwalk light. "I remember now. You're the jane who kept seven kids alive in an open boat for seventy—"

"Seventy-four hours," suggested Mansie. "And I wasn't pretty, and it was no cocktail-party, but I want to go back. The purse was two hundred and six dollars, and I paid one hundred as a bribe to get back. All right... Laugh at me!"

He shoved her rudely back, feeling frustrated.

"You little fool," he raged, getting up. "There's a law of averages somewhere. You can't expect to beat the sea twice!"

"The others are beating it every day of their lives. Someone has to beat it."

Those seventy-four hours adrift with those refugees must have done something to you," he parried savagely. "You can always use it as an excuse, anyhow."

"That was nothing. The kids were grand. They at least had a sense of humor. They didn't sing 'God Save the King' once!"

"Seventy-four hours—was nothing?"

"No. It was after the destroyers picked us up."

"Oh, yes. Now for the feminine touch. It all came back, and you went through the tortures of the damned—the let-down."

"No. I was terribly seasick," Mansie said simply. "I hate destroyers!"

Ferris was helpless in the face of that. "So? What am I supposed to do? Fall madly in love with you?"

"I'll take the destroyer again, thank you," she said, driving him back up the catwalk.

Seven hours passed, and Frank Ferris was back at the wheel. He boiled with rage with every new position-figure Kinluc brought up from the navigation compartment.

"They offered her everything, the little tramp!" he muttered over and over. "But she had to pick this boiler! She could have made enough on personal appearances to buy a couple of these luggers, but she had to show away on my command! Seventy-four hours in an open boat, singing to seven kids, and she hopes my boiler to get home and try it all again."

Kinluc was hunched up before the radio panel, praying for the next weather check. On the cot, Blake tossed and groaned. Mansie was pouring coffee in generous dollops into aluminum mugs.

"Got it!... Got it!" Kinluc said in almost a whisper. "Got it," he breathed, jabbing a pencil at a message pad: "Eighteen thousand! Talking at eighteen thousand! I hope we're somewhere near the area."

"Thanks!" growled Ferris. "How far behind schedule are we?"

"Too far by half. We'd better figure on getting into Newtownards. That's east of Belfast on the top end of Strangford Lough."

"Can't we get a landing-ground in the Orkneys?"

"There's a public strip at Kirkwall, that's all; but it's miles out of your way."

"Isn't that where this Lockhart jane came from?"

"Well, I'll be blowed!" gasped the Englishman, lowering himself into the navigation compartment.

Suddenly they clambered out of the cloud-layer that had blanketed them for the past ninety minutes and up into the early morning sunrise.

The Englishman peered over the companionway and wrenched himself up the rest of the way with the bulkhead doorhandle.

"Heinkels. Three of them," he squealed.

"Where?"

"Directly below—ahead! Keep climbing and make for cover!"

"Judas!" Ferris jettied. "Where you going?"

"Aft. Have a couple of guns. I stowed them aboard at Harbor Grace."

"Guns? What else have you guys

## Risky Business

Continued from page 4

got back there? No wonder this lugger—"

Ferris drew the control back and rammed the dual throttles up the quadrant. The big Lockheed nosed up as the steel prop blades raged for altitude. Already the slugs from the Jerry 7-point-7s were flicking at them. The guns from the Heinkel long-range bombers were converging from nose and cabin turrets direct on the mud-spattered belly of P-5161.

Kinluc plunged down the catwalk and stumbled over the rear turret platform and dug in frantically for the two burlap-wrapped bundles which he had secreted behind the galley-washroom. He struggled back with them and handed one across the platform to Miss Lockhart.

"They're guns. Lewis guns. I stowed them away. Jerry outside!"

The walls of the cabin rang with the pounding of the Heinkel guns. Kinluc untangled the lengths of burlap and finally brought a greased weapon out. He grabbed it and plunged the spade-grip at the window and battered it out. He snapped it loosely on a swinging peg and tore for a stack of black serrated drums of ammunition.

The girl huddled against the cot and tried to shield the snuffling Blake, taking in the great fear that was driving Kinluc on.

"Go up and tell Ferris to throw her about," Kinluc cried. His face was twisted, wrung out with the knowledge that at last he had to face that which he had feared all his life. "Make him bank her. I can't get a sight on the swine!"

Mansie went hand-over-hand up the side rail and dragged herself through the bulkhead.

"He can't get at them. You must bank. They're beneath us!"

FERRIS nodded and hurled his last barb: "I hope you're enjoying yourself; I hope you give the newswreels a swell clip this time."

"Why don't you help him? He's at least trying to fight them. Stop fighting your own war!"

Something warm coursed through Ferris' veins. The gun in the cabin aft began to chatter and he reached over and drew the girl closer to him and wrenched the control over hard with his left hand.

"Stay here, Mansie—stay here, kid!" he murmured, though not daring to look at her.

"He wants you to bank. He's trying to fight them!"

The cruel mechanical jabber of the Lewis gun behind began again. It raged first in short uncertain bursts and then increased in tempo and mustered what was left of Kinluc's pluck.

Ferris banked her again and pointed out of the window: "Stay here, Mansie! Stay here. We're through... Look!"

The big bomber was coming around, wallowing through the drenching sunshine.

A motor-fanged monoplane slashed past. Two gunners, filmy and indistinct behind the splutter of flaming machine-gun barrels, were hammering it into them broadside. Behind, Kinluc's weapon answered and the Heinkel leaped like a saffed salmon and dragged a mourning crepe behind it.

Kinluc's gun stopped. So did the props on the two Cyclones.

"That's all, Mansie. We're on our own now, sister. I promise not to sing 'God Save the King'."

"I'm not afraid!" she said, clutching the seat arm.

"Leave it to me, kid. I'll get her down. I'll pack it in soft somewhere. I put one down in the Rockies with one engine. Any mug can fly, Mansie; but does he know how to crash?"

"Can I help?"

"Sure! Get back there and flop on top of Blake. Feet this way, kid—and hang on!... Hang on, kid!"

Kinluc was in a heap under the gun when she had crawled back. One glance and she threw a leather coat from Blake's pile over him. From outside came the death-scream of the Heinkel the Englishman had potted.

She threw herself over Blake, who was twisting under the swaying and banking of the bomber.

Whang! The Lockheed with her wheels tucked up slammed her belly through the greasy green roller, poised and left a wing-tip behind. Mansie hung on and hooked a heel over the side of the cot to keep Blake lashed down.

The radio seat swung around

viciously and splintered itself against the accumulator box. The dials of the panel took on squinting grimaces when the glass shattered.

Whrong-1-1-1! Bong!

Mansie was sliced off into the double gusher coming up through the bomb-bay floor panels. The tanks had ripped clear of their straps and had carried most of the throat of the fuselage away. Drenched to the waist, she tried to keep Blake from being washed under the radio panel.

"Take it easy! That's it, easy, kid!" boomed Ferris, sloshing through the open bulkhead door. "She'll float long enough to get the dinghy off!"

He rammed Blake back on the cot and then grabbed at Kinluc's Mae West life-jacket floating near the leather coat. He threw it to Mansie and yelled: "Put that on. He won't need it, will he?"

She steadied herself and shook her head. "He won't need it."

"Poor Kinluc!" Ferris said as he helped her fasten the life-jacket. "He'll get his name in the 'Killed in Action Against the Enemy' column. He never believed he'd make that."

He floundered across to the door and began to break out the dinghy. "What about Blake? Do we take him?"

"We've got to take him. We can't lose another. There's still a chance for Blake."

Blake was heavy and ungainly but they dragged him into the dinghy. Ferris went back to make sure about Kinluc.

The Lockheed was going down by the nose. The engines were well under now and the tail was high and swinging in the wind. Ferris picked Kinluc up and rammed him on the platform between the gun-turret supports. He placed the gun in his arms and covered him once more.

"Sleep tight, kid. Now you can say you went down with your gun. They'll never be able to take that from you. Coming, Mansie!"

He sloshed back, lowered himself out of the lifted doorway and clambered into the dinghy. He unslashed it and kicked it clear of the gurgling wreck. The raft twisted and tried to slither from under him but he grabbed at the loop earlock and brought it under control beneath him.

"Even this tub is tail-heavy," he grinned.

"I'm sorry," she smiled, edging across the bloated tube to cuddle in between his knees. "You can't beat the averages, can you?"

"No. They have a way of making a monkey of a guy at times."

"What are our chances? I can take it."

"You'll have to. There's a destroyer less than a mile away, sweetheart!"

She recoiled; then crept in closer. (Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



## A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe exponent up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give **STEEDMAN'S** POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

## MADE FROM REMNANTS

• Wear a green silk blouse beneath a wool pinafore in grey, green, and cyclamen plaid, and add further fashion interest by making a snappy little hat and satchel-bag in the same plaid.

• Here's a grand idea for remnants. The skirt is green-and-pink plaid wool, the blouse is pink, and the saddle-stitched jerkin green. The very professional-looking bag is really quite easy to make yourself.

• A plaid skirt and hand-knitted yellow sweater pepped-up by a slim-fitting jerkin in brown velour. If you are really clever you will make the attractive bag in the same brown velour.



**TAKE THE CASE OF LITTLE NORMY,**  
breakfast time was always stormy.

**Till RICE BUBBLES changed his ways—**



He's a model boy these days!

Kellogg's Rice Bubbles start up their friendly little chorus of Snap! Crackle! Pop!—as soon as you pour milk on them. They come to you oven-crisp. So crisp, they float in milk—never go soggy or mushy. What's more, Rice Bubbles are a sustaining food—whole, some, and easy to digest. Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles next time you're down the street.

"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent. Nos. 14524/25, 14525/26. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for oven-popped rice.

Are Your Feet  
Hurting  
Australia?



No! Not if  
Joyce know it!

You can't do a good job if your feet hurt. Here, now, is the Joyce shoe, with the same cushion-y, full-length support which by reducing strain, has increased production in America's aircraft factories by 18%. The fact that they look smart with overall and street frock alike—thereby doing a double job—is just another reason why they are a better buy from 29/9 and up.

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Sydney at: Snooks,

David Jones', Anthony Hordern's, Macnaught's, Melbourne at: Myer's and George's.

#### £1000 FOR A NOVEL

That is what The Australian Women's Weekly is offering in its great

#### £2000 Fiction Contest

Entries for the serial section of the contest close on

Sept. 30, 1942

## Fashion FROCK SERVICE



### "Hazel" frock and hat

● If you are the sort of person who always looks smart on a limited budget, you won't be able to resist the impeccable charm of the "Hazel" outfit.

THE frock is made on flattering princess lines, and features a tailored yoke and long, tight sleeves. Notice, too, the snug high neckline and the perked-out shoulders. This frock is available ready to wear or traced ready to cut out and make yourself.

The material is a British wool, in grey, sage-blue shadow, granite (mid-brown), and rose.

It is not possible to obtain the hat ready to wear. This is available traced only, ready to make yourself, and costs only 6/11. Full instructions are given with the traced pattern. Hat sizes, 21ins. to 22ins. head measurement.

The "HAZEL" frock, in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, is 38/11, ready to wear; complete outfit, 44/6. Sizes 38, 40-inch bust, 39/11, ready to wear; complete outfit, 45/6.

The frock traced ready to make yourself, in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, is 25/3; complete outfit, 31/6. Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 26/3; complete outfit, 32/6.

Postage is 1/6d extra.

How to obtain "HAZEL." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O. Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust and head measurements, and name "HAZEL."

## You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its str extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

**MURINE**  
For EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

### World's Most Worried Man

That, at any rate, is how he described himself. He has been worrying for ten years. His health is impaired. He catches "anything" that's going. He is pessimistic, thoroughly "down."

His case is a salutary example of the evils of constipation aggravated by incessant purging.

When I mentioned purging he was irritated. "But what else can I do? Eat roughage? Take more exercise? Drink more water? I've done all that. Perhaps," he added sourly, "you'll advise me to drink milk now?"

"Well," I said, "that's exactly what I do advise—so long as you put a tablespoonful of Bemax in it."

Constipation usually has a simple cause—intestinal muscles started into a weak state. Doctors have learned that intestinal health depends on an element now known as Vitamin B. A century ago even the poorest diet supplied sufficient of this, to-day even the richest doesn't. It is eliminated from our over-refined modern foods.

Happily Bemax restores this vital element to one's diet. This pleasant food is the richest natural source of Vitamin B1—400 units in every ounce. In my own case a daily tablespoonful has completely banished life-long constipation. In addition, it has given me and my family such remarkable vitality that we rarely catch colds or other ills.

Bemax is obtainable from Chemists and Stores. The 3/6 tin lasts a month.

For a free copy of "Vitamins and Health" send a card to B. Max (Dept. F.24), P.O. Box 3679SS, Sydney.

### Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Hay Rum, a box of Olex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

### Children's Colds—go while they sleep!

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment. Here is the marvellous "thermal cream" way to clear stuffed-up nose; relieve sore throat; and break up croupy chest congestion, overnight! Buckley's **Wintrol Rub**, newly introduced to this country—but well proved by mothers through many a blizzardily cold Canadian winter.

Rub Buckley's **Wintrol Rub** over neck and chest and see how quickly its glowing, "thermal" action stops shivery aches and keeps little ones warm and comfortable through the night, while its wonderful 3-way action is driving out the croupy congestion. Get Buckley's **Wintrol Rub** now—from any chemist or store.



Special  
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#### TWO SMART HATS AND A BAG

No. 1: Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide.

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No. 3: Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide.

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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue, 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.  
Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State as under:  
Box 188A, G.P.O., Adelaide. | Box 188C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
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F3215



F3195

## Fashion PATTERNS

F3215.—The ever-popular button-down-the-front frock with tiny Peter Pan collar. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3195.—Smart but simple style with peplum interest. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3329.—Trim little suit with military air. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd., 36ins. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1770.—Something smart for the larger woman, featuring contrasting yoke panel. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 3½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1958.—A dainty and warm coat-frock for the little miss of 1-4 years. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2842.—Be comfortably warm in these pyjamas on wintry nights. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1942.—A pretty nightdress gathered at the waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

**PLEASE NOTE:** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:  
\* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F3329



F1770



F1958



F2842



F1942



# A 6 LETTER WORD BEGINNING WITH P...



11 ACROSS:

## It stands for the safest washing care for all RAYON UNDIES

The word "safest" gives you a clue. It's Persil, of course. There just isn't *anything* so gentle with flimsy shimmering fabrics as Persil's oxygen-charged suds. Carefully they coax out every scrap of dirt and leave your pretties fresh and sweet as honeysuckle. It's the same with rayon frocks and blouses, with shirts and gaily coloured jumpers. You want to make them last, don't you? Well, wash them in Persil—honestly you'll be thrilled to see how fresh they stay!

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE CARE OF RAYON?

Mrs. Mary Holiday, famous washing expert, answers a few questions about this lovely fabric. If she doesn't deal with your particular problem why not drop her a line to Box 3767SS, Sydney.

**QUESTION:**

Can I boil a rayon garment?

**ANSWER:**

NO—unless it's a special "boilable" type of rayon. Great heat generally ruins this fabric. Actually you'll find the dirt will come off even grimy blouses in tepid suds if you use Persil just as the directions say—1 heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water.

**QUESTION:**

My rayon undies sometimes go into little holes long before they're worn out. Could this be due to faulty laundering?

**ANSWER:**

It sounds as though you wring and twist the garments instead of rolling them carefully in a towel and pressing out the moisture. You see, rayons are always delicate when wet—and wringing is apt to break the threads. Another point to remember: always dry rayons in the shade.

**QUESTION:**

I never seem able to get a nice "finish" on a rayon dress. What's the secret?

**ANSWER:**

The ironing! A rayon dress should be just slightly damp (flat crepe is an exception; that must be practically dry). Iron on the wrong side though if it's satin rayon, you can finish off on the right side. Never sprinkle with water. If too dry, you should wet your dress all over and wait till it's just the right degree of dampness.



## HUBBY'S LEAVE

by GEORGE



"MY HUSBAND'S COMING HOME  
ON LEAVE—  
I'LL HAVE TO FLY" CRIED ALICE



SHE SCRUBBED AND POLISHED  
UP UNTIL  
THE FLAT LOOKED LIKE A PALACE



HER HANDS GREW BADLY  
HOUSEWORK STAINED  
"TRY SOLVOL" SAID THE GROCER



AND WHEN BILL SAW HER  
SMOOTH WHITE HANDS  
HE HELD HIS WIFE STILL CLOSER.

SOLVOL'S RICH LATHER FLOATS  
OUT GRIME AND WORN-IN-DIRT  
—GETS HANDS SMOOTH AND  
WHITE AND, OH, HOW EASY  
ON THE SKIN! AS GENTLE  
AS FINE  
TOILET  
SOAP.



# Don't let the boggy of rationing worry you



THIS TYPE of simple black dinner frock has replaced evening dress in rationed England. Bead trimming is transferred from an old frock. Susan Small model.



A MAN'S dinner jacket remade and braid-trimmed. This model, by Spectator Sports, suggests a use for the dinner suits no longer used by the men of the family.



RATIONING in England produced such superb little dresses as this Rembrandt model in two tones of haze-blue. It could be made from two short remnants or even from two old dresses.

## Coupon clothes will not detract from your smartness or your glamor

### English women proved that

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who visited England recently

In a fortnight's time we shall be issued with our clothes-ration coupons.

We needn't let the prospect worry us.

Clothes rationing isn't a boggy which adds unnecessarily to our wartime shopping trials. On the contrary, it is not only obviously fair and sensible, but it has many real advantages.

If we master all the lessons it has to teach we can go through the war comfortably and attractively dressed, and after the war be better dressed for less money than we have ever been before.

IN England, recently, I was deeply interested in investigating how clothes rationing was working out. Early difficulties had then been ironed out and rationing was smoothly under way and an unqualified success.

I learned that when, on a Sunday evening a few months before, Sir Oliver Lyttleton had announced over the air that clothes rationing would come into force next day, there was general consternation among women.

There was no opportunity for last-minute panic buying, and there wasn't a woman from Park Lane to Cardiff who didn't feel a certain amount of dismay at having to face a clothes-impaired future.

By the time I arrived it was clear they needn't have worried. I am sure they will not be worrying now, when the new rationing period is about to start with only fifty-one coupons a year instead of sixty-six.

Their year of rationing has caused no real hardship. It has saved a quarter of a million tons of shipping in textiles alone.

It has released 400,000 men and women for the fighting services and enabled many factories to be converted into war industries.

The fair distribution of clothing to all classes of the community has conserved materials and labor and reduced unnecessary spending.

At first, of course, rationing brought some problems and many snags had to be avoided.

The special needs of outside fittings, expectant mothers, quickly-growing children, people needing protective clothing for dirty work all had to be provided for.

Children were a great problem,

but special treatment was given those speedily outgrowing their clothes and "cutting down father's suits" came into its own.

Stockings at two coupons per pair presented every woman with a problem. This was solved by the wearing of hosiery, which lasts well, or by going bare-legged.

This summer the Government is appealing through the fashion papers for all the younger women to go bare-legged or there'll be an acute stocking shortage next winter.

Of course, there was some foolish spending on temptingly-priced oddments which shopkeepers displayed attractively in an effort to get rid of stocks that would soon be "frozen" or would quickly deteriorate.

### How it worked

WHEN rationing was first introduced in England it was thought that it would come hardest on those on the lower incomes. The rich would be able to buy their Hartnell, Molyneux, and Worth models as a supplement to their already well-stocked wardrobes, whereas the lower income groups had little or no reserve of clothes. It did not work out badly, however.

Everybody, rich and poor, decided to treat clothes buying on a scientific basis and make the purchase of every frock an investment with hard wear and utility as the main considerations.

When this came about prices rose sharply. It was therefore necessary to control prices, and partly to meet this and partly to conserve labor the Government introduced "utility clothes."

This harsh-sounding title, which gave the country the idea that it

### English coupon system

THESE are the numbers of coupons required in England for clothing, given respectively in order for man, woman, and child:

Overcoat or mackintosh, unlined: 9, 9, 7. Ditto, lined: 18, 18, 11. Sweater or cardigan: 8, 8, 5. Trousers, slacks, or skirt: 8, 8, 6.

Woolen shirt, blouse or shawl: 7, 7, 6. Ditto, non-woolen: 5, 5, 4. Woolen dressing-gown or housecoat: 8, 8, 7. Woolen combinations or petticoat: 7, 6, 4. Ditto, non-woolen: 5, 4, 3. Boots, shoes, hooties: 7, 5, 2. Bathing costumes: 8, 8, 7. Stockings, socks: 3, 2, 1.

Other items for women and children: Woolen dresses, 11, 8. Non-woolen: 7, 5. Costumes: 18, 12. Boleros or short jackets: 5, 5.

Men's and boys' suits: 26, 17.

Scarves, handkerchiefs, brassieres, aprons, ankle-socks, ties, suspenders, collars require one coupon each.

Gloves, blouses, scunties, bedsocks: 2 coupons each.

Materials by the yard require, for woolen, half to five coupons, according to the width; non-woolen one-third to three and one-third coupons.

would be put into some sort of austere uniform, actually ushered in what promises to be a better standard of dressing, designing, and workmanship.

Such designers as Worth, Digby Morton, Molyneux, Peter Russell gave their services free to the Government and set to work on the utility clothes and caused them to reach an astonishing peak in style, cut, line, and quality.

Some patriotic stores, irrespective of profits, put utility models alongside high-priced gowns in their shop windows, and comparison was all in favor of the utility gown.

Manufacturers making utility frocks have their staffs exempted from call-up.

If they fall below Government specifications they lose the right to make utility clothes, and their staffs will be taken for war work and the factories converted to munitions.

Best of all for the consumer, the margin called profit is fixed for the

manufacturer, wholesaler, and retailer with maximum chargeable prices.

Utility topcoats range from £3/8/4 to £5/7/10, costumes about the same, skirts and slacks 18/11 to 30/11.

But the utility doesn't stop here.

It covers the whole range of clothing to shoes and corsets. A really attractive set of underwear costs 14/-, which before utility days would have been at least a guinea.

Roll-on corsets run from 5/0 to 24/2, which before utility would have ranged from about 10/- to 42/-.

### Restrictions for all

OUTSIDE utility clothes is the other third of total of clothing manufactures, which is subject to much the same restrictions but isn't price-controlled and the cloth used isn't utility cloth.

For example, a woman's suit or topcoat mustn't have more than two pockets, five buttons and buttonholes, one button and buttonhole to each sleeve, or more than six seams in the skirt.

If a tape measure runs more than 44 inches round the hipline, the Government allows four inverted, four box, or six knife pleats.

If under 44 inches, two inverted, two box, or four knife pleats.

Pintucking is controlled to 160

inches; ruching or gauging mustn't exceed five rows except for one row as a finish at neck and sleeves. Beading, sequins, or rouleaux work is definitely out of the whole scheme of wartime dressing, as are embroidery, braiding, quilting, drawn-thread work, lace, or net trimmings. There will be no more tiered skirts, epaulets, capes or turned-back cuffs until the war is won, and full-length sleeves must be restrained to a wrist circumference of 14 inches.

Collars and belts are restricted to not more than five and two inches respectively, and width of the hem is to be only two inches.

There is no such thing as tunic dresses, and imitation pockets are an offence against the law.

Other restrictions contemplated are chiefly designed to cut out evening and dance frocks, and only the fact that many elderly women wear floor-length dresses and it would be a serious hardship to them to change has prevented the introduction of a compulsory short-length skirt.

Utility hasn't got as far as the English feet yet, but they await its coming.

In four grades, but hundreds of styles, there will be shoes in utility wear, the Government laying it down that all must be of leather, and made to specifications, as in clothes, in order to save labor.

# Editorial

MAY 30, 1942

## MORESBY TO MURMANSK

**F**AR away, in the Ukraine and Crimea, Russians are fighting the battle for Australia. In Moresby Australians are fighting the battle for Russia in this "all-in" war.

So, though separated by thousands of miles, these two fronts are inextricably mixed as Australia waits tensely and prepares fiercely for attack on her own shores, while the Russians heroically beat back the German hordes on their own ground.

*It is hard for us to feel as warmly about Kharkov as about Townsville, Moresby, Darwin. But on the struggle on the Eastern front the fate of our northern outposts may rest.*

Germany, hard pressed, is urging Japan to attack Russia—an attack which, for many reasons, Japan might not be unwilling to launch. Russian success would make German demands more urgent.

German success in Russia would leave the Nazis completely free to attack England, and Japan to force her southward drive.

So Russia's fate in the present battle will vitally affect us, and Kharkov may be a more significant name for us than the more familiar ones on local maps. So our eyes turn in hope and profound admiration to the people of the Soviet.

*Their sufferings have been boundless; their response to their country's needs magnificent.*

The civilised world, watching her in tense suspense, has seen her emerge from the titanic struggle of winter stronger in armaments and in courage than when the Nazis launched their attack on her.

The line, stretching from Moresby to Murmansk, is our line, too.



• (LEFT): Entomologist, with map of area being searched for dengue. (RIGHT): Lieut.-Col. Meyers and entomologist take tank test for dengue mosquito.



Every house can help beat this enemy—

## DENGUE FEVER

### Army doctor tells you how to fight off threatened epidemic

*Specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly by LIEUT.-COLONEL E. S. A. MEYERS, A.A.M.C., Assistant Director of Army Hygiene*

Dengue fever can be prevented. Prevention is simple and its cost almost negligible. On the other hand, the cost of an epidemic of dengue fever in Australia could run into millions of pounds.

In a community such as ours the disease can affect anything up to 90 per cent. of the population in a period of a few months. Think of the money spent on medical, hospital, and chemists' expenses! Think of the money lost in wages, the loss of production, and, what is of the greatest importance at the present moment, the temporary loss of effective manpower!

**D**ENGUE FEVER has a very low death rate—less than influenza, the only other infection which is likely to become epidemic in Australia.

Unless immediate preventive measures are undertaken an epidemic of dengue fever will occur over the greater part of New South Wales next summer and autumn.

Already Queensland has experienced an epidemic, and cases have been reported in this State.

There is one important thing to be remembered about dengue fever. It is not contagious.

It can only be transmitted from one person to another by the help of a mosquito—*Aedes aegypti*.

Destroy the mosquito and there will not be any cases of dengue fever.

Can this be done?

De Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, failed to realise the significance of the *Aedes aegypti* when he attempted to build a canal across the Panama Isthmus.

This particular mosquito also transmits yellow fever, and it was this infection which killed so many of De Lesseps' men and prevented the construction of the canal.

Some years later, the Americans decided to go ahead with the building of the canal, but before commencing work they completely eradicated the mosquito.

Yellow fever disappeared and the Panama Canal now stands as a monument to a triumph of preventive medicine.

If the mosquito can be destroyed on the Panama Isthmus, surely it can be destroyed in Australia.

Its breeding habits make the job of destruction a comparatively simple one.

*Aedes aegypti* does not breed in swamps or marshes or any ground water.

It is essentially a domestic breeder. It breeds only in and around human habitations—in water in artificial

containers such as tins, bottles, vases, jars, cisterns, buckets, barrels, defective roof gutters, wells, and rain-water tanks, and it may also breed in tree holes near dwellings.

From its breeding habits it can be seen that the responsibility of eradicating *Aedes aegypti* must rest with the individual householder.

It is quite possible within the next six months to eradicate this mosquito from this country, that is, if everyone accepts his or her responsibility and carries out these control measures:

(1) Elimination of all standing water around dwellings. Empty all unneeded receptacles and bury discarded tins and bottles. Correct faults in the roof guttering. (A simple method of doing this is to punch a small hole in the bottom of the sagging part of the gutter so that water will drain away after rain.)

(2) Where it is necessary to keep certain receptacles filled with water, such as fire buckets or vases, empty the water out every seven days, at the same time rubbing the sides of the container, following with a final rinsing, as the larvae or wrigglers may cling to the inside.

(3) Tanks or barrels used for the continuous storage of water should be screened. This may be impossible at the moment, due to the shortage of wire mesh. The alternative is to treat the surface of the water with kerosene (2 tablespoons for every 15 square feet of water surface), special mosquito oil, fly-spray (2 tablespoons will be sufficient for 75 square feet of water surface, and should be applied with an ordinary atomiser). Low grade kerosene or fuel oils are more effective than the highly-refined lighting kerosene.

(4) Destroy all adult mosquitoes in the house by the frequent use of fly sprays. Remember that the mosquito tends to hide in dark corners, and these should be frequently sprayed.



• DENGUE MOSQUITO breeds in roof gutters, tanks, water-cans

An attack of dengue fever can be most unpleasant. It may commence with a feeling of malaise, pains in the back and limbs, and a severe headache. The temperature quickly rises and the patient becomes prostrated.

Pain develops behind the eyes and movement of them is uncomfortable. The pains in the back and limbs may be merely troublesome or extremely severe and persistent.

Restlessness, irritability, and insomnia, together with a marked feeling of depression, may all form part of the picture.

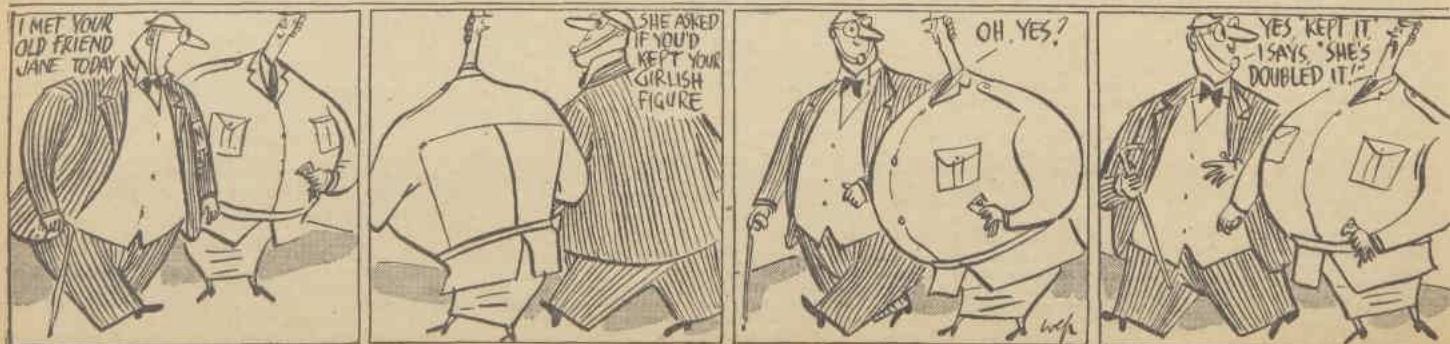
After a few days, the patient may feel a lot better; but often enough this is only a temporary phase and in another day or two the patient is forced once more to take to bed.

Generally at this stage a rash appears. A feeling of itches of the palms of the hands and soles of the feet is common.

The attack may last up to a week. Due to the loss of weight, general debility and the sense of depression, convalescence in many cases may be prolonged.



• HOUSEHOLDER being shown how to use spray for dengue mosquito. Every housewife can and should get busy now.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

## Interesting People



**SISTER S. BECHERVAISE**

... Royal Red Cross  
YOUNG Melbourne nurse, Sister Shirley Bechervaise, has been awarded the coveted Royal Red Cross. The investiture took place recently at Buckingham Palace. Sister Bechervaise, who trained at the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, was awarded the medal for her work in France.

She has since been in London with the Queen Alexandra Nursing Service at Chichester General Hospital.



**SIR JOHN RUSSELL**

... Agricultural science

ONE of the world's leading authorities on agricultural science, Sir E. John Russell, is adviser to the Soviet Relations branch of British Ministry of Information. He presided at recent conferences in London, attended by representatives of 60 scientific societies, to plan intensification of exchange of technical and scientific information between Russia and Britain.

Sir John is Correspondence Member of most of the important scientific societies of the world dealing with agricultural science.



**MR. ALAN COLEFAX**

... Camouflage

MR. ALAN COLEFAX, lecturer in zoology, Sydney University, and an engineer by hobby, has specialised in camouflage work as a wartime job. Is instructor in camouflage and netting to the army.

He designed and made first camouflage net made in Australia, taught first camouflage-netting class held here. It consisted of eight members of the National Defence League. League netters now number more than 10,000.

# The Air Force writes home...

## Desert trek, mined aerodrome, five-day gale are all in day's work

A pilot-officer who led a party through three hundred miles of enemy territory on a twenty-day trek; an airman whose ship lost the main convoy in a five-day gale and reached England safely without protection; a pilot who landed on a mine-studded aerodrome...

These are some of the adventures that are all in the day's work for the R.A.A.F. and are recorded in this week's letters from our boys.

**Pilot-Officer Jim Mordling in the Middle East to his mother in Caulfield, Vic.:**

"THIS is the first letter I have written for almost a month—and what a lifetime has been crowded into that month!

"No doubt by now you will have been notified that I have been posted missing, believed prisoner of war.

"Twenty-four of us escaped from a German column on the night of January 28, twenty days ago, and have been walking ever since, day and night, through enemy-occupied territory.

"We have covered a good 300 miles on foot during that time, and the day before yesterday we were picked up by one of our armored patrols, just west of our own lines.

"I brought back 18 other ranks, and was the only officer to finish, and now have to report to the various people at H.Q. who are concerned with our whereabouts.

"For the first few days our diet was green tomatoes and onions from wayside plantations. After that we lived on goat's milk and goat flesh.

"Several times we slaughtered a goat, lit a fire, and boiled the meat in our tin hats.

"One night when it was raining and bitterly cold we decided to risk sleeping in an empty house on the roadside.

"As we stepped out before dawn we were astonished to see some German vehicles drawn up outside the house next door—there were only two houses there.

"A German patrol had come along while we slept, and by a stroke of luck had picked the other house, and not ours.

"We had to skirt all the towns on the route which were occupied by the Germans, and several times we were within an ace of running into a German patrol.

"When we got to an Italian-occupied town, however, going was much easier. We all marched boldly through the main street at seven o'clock in the evening.

"A few Italians looked out at us from their dugouts, or from lighted houses, but made no attempt to stop us."

**Sgt.-Pilot J. A. Lyons to his parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. Lyons, Eaglehawk, Vic.:**

"I AM in a military hospital in Egypt, the result of air operations. Old Jerry has caught up with me at last, the blighter.

"Was on the job, and after having a bit of 'fun' my motor was damaged and I was forced down on territory which had only been vacated twelve hours previously by Jerry.

"I knew jolly well that the place—a makeshift wartime aerodrome—would be mined, but I had to try and get the aircraft in safely.

"Well, I got down safely and hid the machine behind a wrecked Italian plane.

"I didn't know whether Jerry had completely vacated the place, so you can imagine my feelings at seeing dozens of Italian and German wrecked aircraft.

"My hand on my revolver, I nearly died when someone called 'Halt!'

"To my relief, it was an officer of the famous Coldstream Guards. He warned me not to move, as the place had been heavily mined.

"While I was there they got eight anti-tank mines from the aerodrome alone. I had passed right over one with a wheel each side.

"I was about 150 miles from my base, and while looking for trans-

port there the car I was in hit an anti-tank mine.

"Five were killed and injured, but here I am sitting up after a fortnight on my back, feeling tops and ready for it again."

**Sgt.-Pilot John Rose, R.A.A.F., now in England, writing from training school in South Africa to his mother in Brighton Beach, Vic.:**



**Sergeant - Pilot John P. Rose.**

"On one reeo, I came to the intersection of a branch railway, and to my horror saw three trains departing in three different directions.

"My next ten minutes were crammed with activity. First I dashed after one train and counted the trucks and carriages and noted what the trucks contained.

"Then across country to intercept the second one. Then back to the intersection and hot foot off down the third line till I caught up to the last train. It was feverish, but I got them all down at last, plus a plan of the intersection to show which train was which.

"It was a good trip, but the effectiveness of the report which I finally handed in to the flight-commander was marred somewhat by the fact that my piece of paper blew out of the plane on the way home!

"Three ghost trains with spirit trucks and fictitious carriages were duly reported."

**Sgt. J. L. Wilson, R.A.A.F., in England to his mother, Mrs. A. C. Wilson, Tiaro, Qld.:**

"I NEARLY forgot to tell you we ran the much-vaunted German blockade alone.

"A 90 m.p.h. gale, which lasted for five days in mid-Atlantic, scattered the convoy, and, as we could not find them again, we came the rest of the journey with only two cargo vessels for company.

"During the night the ship was bucking so much that it was with difficulty that I managed to stay in bed.

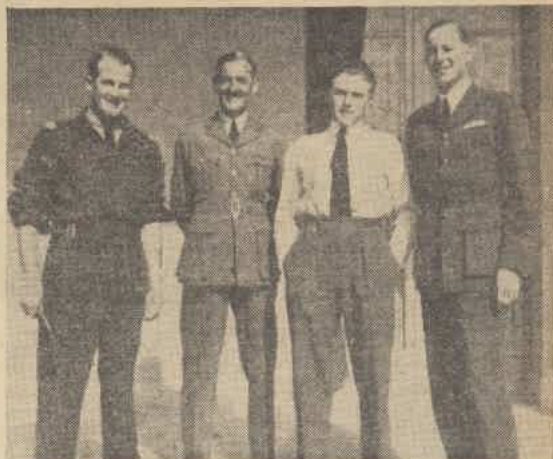
"Some of the biggest waves would pound right up over the decks, and make a great din. They washed some rafts overboard, and the crew was working overtime lashing down gear that threatened to go overboard at any instant.

"I was on watch early in the night and the wind was so severe that while I was climbing to my platform, it blew the steel helmet off my head, and I nearly lost it overboard.

"You can judge for yourself how cold it was by glancing down the list of clothing I wore while on duty—it barely keeps me warm.

"I wear ankle-and-wrist-length underclothing, knitted socks, tunic, trousers, shirt, sweater, 'gooskins', sheepskin vest, neck-muff, scarf, balacava, overcoat, waterproof cape, shoes, gaiters, steel helmet, life-jacket and mittens.

"With half a pound of chocolate and a torch in my pocket you can see I was carrying a fair weight."



**PILOT-OFFICER JIM MARDLING (second from left), on leave at Wellington House, Cairo, after his 300-mile trek through enemy territory. Two R.A.A.F. pilots, Kummick and Archer (left and right), with a R.A.F. pilot (in shirt-sleeves), on leave from Malta.**

**An airman in England to Miss B. Gardner, 10 Derby St., Camberwell E6, Vic.:**

"WE went to Berlin last Sunday, the place I've been just craving to go to. Rather cold, but bright moonlight all the way, and after dodging rather an undue amount of searchlight and flak we eventually arrived over the Big City.

"We could see quite clearly the streets and lakes and buildings below us, and I'm sure you'll understand that we all felt quite a glow of satisfaction, and certainly revenge, for the damage and suffering poor old London has gone through as we saw our bombs go crashing down into that hub of Hun humanity.

"But we didn't have much time to see results, as Jerry just shot up at us everything he had and it was an uncomfortable half-hour as we dodged the worst flak barrage we've been through.

"Our last trip was to Italy, the longest journey we have made so far, and I think the most memorable.

"We flew in almost peacetime conditions right across France.

"Never in all aerial travels have I looked down on such wonderful scenery as that of the Swiss Alps, which we crossed and recrossed at a height sometimes level with the

**THE Australian Women's Weekly pays £1 each for letters or extracts from letters from members of the fighting services published on this page.**

highest—Mont Blanc—and the others, all snow-capped, looked very majestic by the light of a bright moon.

"Geneva, where blackouts are still unknown, was brightly lit. In nearly every dark valley were little clusters of light denoting some Swiss village or town, and the whole scene was just like some gigantic fairyland.

"Turin got an awful pasting, but I was indeed sorry to leave those lovely Alps. We arrived back at base just over 10 hours after taking off, stiff, and very tired, but we voted it the best trip so far.

"My only physical falling was a rather badly bloodshot eye, the result, I suppose, of the strain of peering into the bright moonlit sky looking for potential trouble, but there was none.

"Some of our trips have given us a bad shaking, and at one place a piece of shell came right through my turret and hit the seat I was sitting on!

"I have now done 14 operational trips and have more to do."

Kindly, whimsical, absent-minded altogether lovable.

# DOCTOR MAC



## 2GB

MON., WED., THURS., and FRI., 8.30 p.m.

It's interesting, amusing, and informative

## "That's How It Started"

The origin of familiar phrases and things

SATURDAYS 2GB 9.15 P.M.



**BISHOP'S DAUGHTER WEDS.** Joyce, daughter of Bishop of Goulburn and Mrs. E. H. Burgmann, with her husband, Elgar McLeod, after their marriage at Christ Church Cathedral, Newcastle.



FROM MELBOURNE comes this picture of Sue Gillett and fiancé, Lt. Robert Odell, Assistant Military Attache at American Legation. The wedding date, June 6, is at St. John's, Toorak.



AT RED CROSS DREAM HOME. Lady Wakehurst and Lady Gordon take housewifely interest in crockery in model kitchen, one of the features of home.

## INTIMATE Gottings



**AFTERNOON WEDDING.** Corporal George Greenup, of Wylarah, Kingaroy, Queensland, and his bride, Heather, daughter of the Douglas Langs, of Tocumwal. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon O'Shaney attend them.

**RETURN** to homeland for Mrs. W. West, who has been living in Colombo for 15 years... "all women who have children are asked to leave," she tells me.

Makes journey to Australia with six-year-old daughter Jillyan in fast freighter, and voyage is fortunately uneventful.

Last time she was here some years ago was to visit her other daughter Pat, who is a pupil at Abbotsleigh College.

Her war work was in a canteen established at the beginning of the war for the Australian soldiers on way to Middle East.

"Only Australian women worked in it," she says, "and it was a full-time job from 8 a.m. till 7.30 p.m."

Among them were Mrs. H. Urquhart, formerly Hope Bligh, Mrs. Paddy Rice, Mrs. S. Sampson, and Mrs. G. C. Slater.

**HAD** hopes of soon seeing Betty Plunkett Cole... plans afoot for her return to Australia.

Learn, however, from her mother, Mrs. G. Minnett, that Betty decides to remain overseas.

In last letter says she still lives at West Kilbride, 25 miles from Glasgow. Now that son Peter is nearly year old she takes up duty once again with W.R.N.S.

Headquarters just few miles from her home so Betty works there for four hours each day.

**SO** many romances between Americans and Australian girls it is change to hear of engagement of Australian to American girl.

By cable comes news that Sergeant Frank Gee, R.A.A.F. son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Gee, of Benview, Orange, is engaged to Phyllis Ahlstrom, of Buffalo City, U.S.A.

Frank is old boy of The King's School, and was also student at Hawkesbury Agricultural College... has been in Air Force for almost two years.



**SETTING** luncheon table. Mesdames O. Jansen (left) and F. Coper at the kiosk run by members of National Council of Jewish Women for Lord Mayor's War and Patriotic Fund.

**HOW** the Americans do love to make a gallant gesture... Hear that when Mrs. W. J. Rofe goes down to Melbourne to see daughter Jean, who is in the W.R.N.S., several of Jean's American friends literally fill the flat with glorious flowers to welcome her.

**MOUNTAIN** holiday for Madame E. Vrakakis and her two small sons, Constantine and Alexander... they have taken a cottage at Katoomba for the school vacation.

**BUSY** weeks ahead for Mrs. A. K. Anderson, wife of headmaster of Scots College, Mrs. B. Rickard, and Mrs. Richard V. Pockley.

They are planning to set up an "opportunity stall" at Wynyard station on June 3 to raise funds for Travellers' Aid Society.



**TO MARRY IN JUNE.** Jean Milne and her fiancé, Lt. Hugh Ross, who are making plans for their wedding, which is to take place during Hugh's next leave.

"CAN hardly keep pace with demands for tickets for our art union," says Mrs. Roland Conway, one of organisers of Lawn Tennis Association's Red Cross Drive.

And no wonder... the prizes are silver cigarette-case and compact autographed by General MacArthur.

Winning ticket to be drawn on June 28 at White City.

**FAMILY** luncheon follows engagement of Joy Hanna and Lieutenant Douglas Daniell, A.I.F., son of Mr. H. Daniell and late Mrs. Daniell, of Koombahia, Palm Beach.

They plan to be married in August. Joy, who is daughter of Mrs. I. A. Hanna, of Rose Bay, is wearing a solitary diamond engagement ring.

**SENTIMENTAL** note... Marjorie Ottaway has grandmother's wedding ring when she marries Richard Webb.

Bride is eldest daughter of the E. W. Ottaways, of Strathfield... ceremony at Methodist Church, Strathfield. Bridesmaid is Dorothy Ottaway.

Future home to be at Turonville, Tarana.

**Few** weeks in Denholm Hospital for Mrs. Ian McLaurin, who undergoes appendix operation. Ian comes down from country home at Tamworth few hours before Margaret goes to hospital. See them having lunch at the *Betty* Australia.



**AT PRINCE'S.** Lieut. Jimmy Ross Gore lunches with pretty Diana Browne. Jimmy has been overseas with A.I.F., and just arrives in Sydney.



**ART SHOW.** Madame Ann Carvalho inspects pictures with R. H. Jerrold-Nathan at exhibition of Australian Art Society.

## Heard Around TOWN

**EN** route to Sydney after return from overseas, Lt.-Col. J. H. Stephenson meets his daughter Peggy's fiancé, Flying-Officer Wilbur Wackett, for first time in Melbourne.

Wilbur is on sick leave... result of injuries sustained while attacking Japanese bombers over Port Moresby. Peggy goes across to see him and is guest of his parents, Wing-Commander and Mrs. L. J. Wackett, at their home at Brighton.

Incidentally, it is first time young couple have seen each other since they became engaged few weeks ago by long-distance telephone.

Mrs. Stephenson is hoping he and Peggy may return to Sydney together for a few days.

**SIR RONALD** and Lady Cross are being congratulated on birth of their fourth daughter in Melbourne.

Sir Ronald, who is High Commissioner for United Kingdom, and his wife are residing at 39 Albany Road, Toorak, for the moment.

**MENTION** of Pilot-Officer John Austin, of Geelong, in despatches was piece of exciting news for Mrs. George Stogdale and daughter Annette.

John was a frequent visitor to their home with Mrs. Stogdale's nephew, Pilot-Officer Ronald Robert. They trained together.

# RUSSIAN MANHOOD

## ...in fight against Hitler



**THIS SPLENDID** young Russian is one of crew of a Red Navy submarine of the Pacific Fleet. Soviet submarines have had many successes.



**BEST TANK CREW UNIT** of a North Caucasian military district. Most gigantic tank battle of the war now centres on Kharkov, where Russia's steel monsters are beating back the Germans. Supplies from Britain and U.S. have helped.



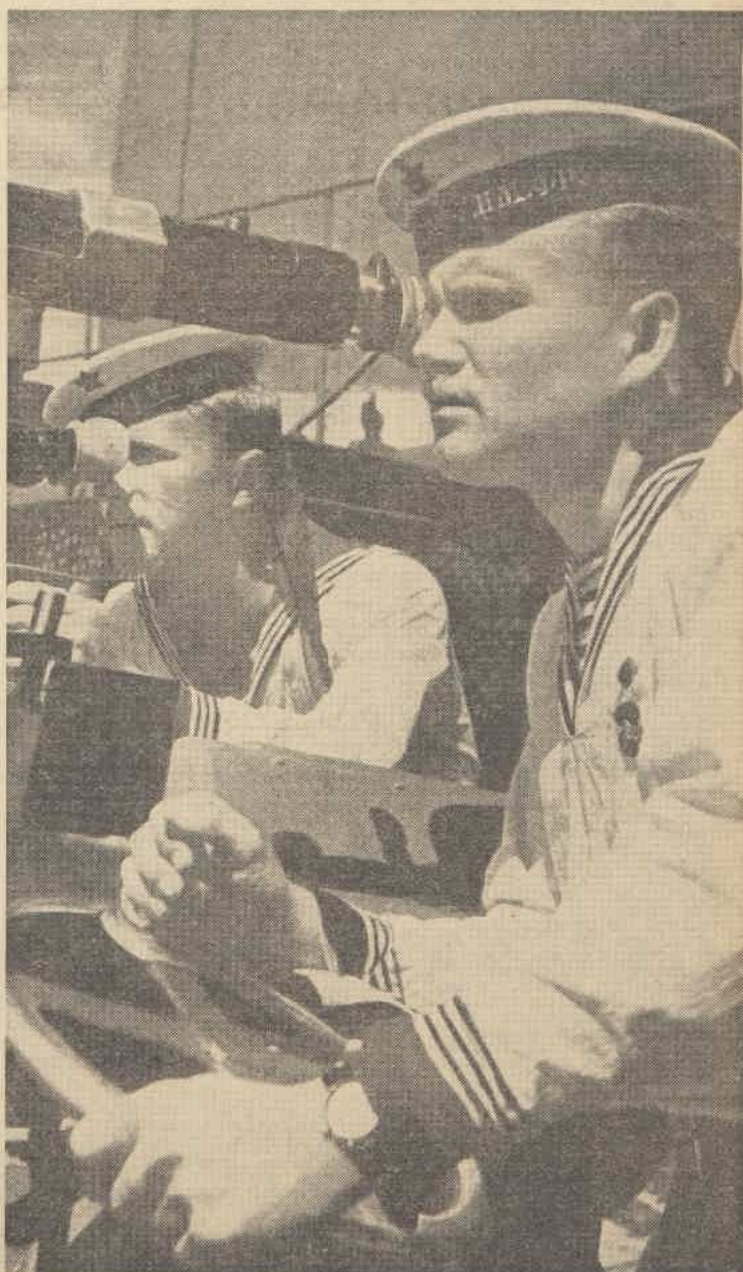
**EARNEST YOUNG OFFICERS** in training at the Red Army Academy of Mechanisation and Motorisation in the Russian capital, Moscow.



**OFFICER P. DESNITSKY**, who holds the title "Hero of Soviet Union."



**AIRMAN "Hero of Soviet Union"** is Aviation Major-General I. Lakeyev.



**MERIT STUDENTS** from Soviet naval school in practical training with Black Sea Fleet. The Soviet Navy has had many big successes lately in the Black Sea.

## THE sergeant

whirled on him.  
"How do you know?"  
"I didn't. It seemed logical. But—continue—"  
"Nothing to continue with," the sergeant said. "They were to watch the 'Courier' ads, for an order to make delivery of the swag and they got it last night. I got the paper and made them point it out. Sure enough it was in the personal column. 'One—two—three—four—tick tock says the clock.' So I called up the 'Courier' and they couldn't remember when the ad came in, but they thought it was by mail with a letter saying it was the start of an advertising scheme."

"Two men," Shawn said in a dreamy sort of chant, "and a third driving a car with the engine running—"  
"Why, of course!" I said. "He'd be the one—the one who was driving!"

Under the sergeant's glare I became silent.  
"It wasn't a man—they say a woman drove that car!"

"For heaven's sake!" Shawn said and stood up. "I'm thinking that calls for a drink. Coming, Sergeant?" He stroled into the hallway and raised a melodious roar, "Jimmy!"

I snatched up my hat and coat and departed. I'd heard enough and after all no beauty shop worked well by remote control.

I had gone about a block when I discovered I didn't have my bag and that it would be necessary to go back.

One of the things that will always puzzle me is the place which chance held in the solving of our mystery. If a greed for gold had not overpowered our murderer, or if I had not returned for my bag—

But I did return and the ring was taken and kept and because of it we knew the identity of our killer.

I let myself into the house as quietly as possible. The men were in the library—I could hear Shawn's voice above the others.

I took my purse from the chair and started for the door. A scrap of conversation, half heard, halted me.

"Big black car, eh?" This was Jimmy, musing. "What kind?"  
"Goodness knows," Shawn said morosely. "No one noticed the licence plates."

"What about the birds who rode in it? Don't they know?"

"They don't know nothing," the sergeant said explosively. "Say they didn't notice—too scared, I guess."

## With a Song in My Heart

Continued from page 7

"All right," he said. "That's enough! I don't want to hear any more of this. The thing's over and done with, and Linda's sorry, and it won't happen again, so let's change the subject. I'd like to see a couple of you women do something about getting my dinner on to the table!"

Linda was very white, very drained. After the washing-up was done she went upstairs, at her aunt's suggestion, and wrote a note to Eben Lloyd. It sounded very young and bleak. Martin posted it, and when he came back he said they would just forget the whole business, feeling that it was very magnanimous of him.

The crossword was absolutely forgotten in the days that followed, so she nearly fainted when the telegram came. She went straight to the telephone, in spite of Martin's dislike of being called during banking hours.

"Hello!" his voice came presently. "Linda? What's the matter? Linda, make it quick, will you? I'm awfully busy. What?" Then his voice changed and warmed. "What? Honest? No fooling? Gosh, isn't that great? Well, I apologise! It was on the level. You're a clever little baggage." He was excited, proud, fond. "What's that, Linda?"

Linda was saying it would be the most wonderful wedding trip and she could be ready almost any time. Her voice was gallant and steady, ready to share and to give.

But Martin cut in crisply: "Hey, there! Wait a minute! Pipe down, darling! Didn't they offer five hundred in cash if a person didn't want to take that trip? I thought so. Well, that's us. First place, I couldn't possibly get away right now, and even if I could, why—gosh, Linda! Think of having five hundred pounds to sit away in the savings account, to keep—"

"And a woman driving. They're sure of that, are they?"

"In some way we've more on the woman than anything else. We've a description—" the sergeant said.

That was enough. There was a chair nearby and I sank down on it. I wanted that description—I had to have it.

What Sergeant O'Connor called a description was simply a jumble of details that, even when they were added together, told you nothing.

Even the sergeant appeared to think it was inadequate. He said, "If it wasn't for the ring and Shawn cut in sharply: 'What ring?'"

It appeared that her right hand was ungloved and on the second finger there was a peculiar ring. A gold lion's head whose eyes were ruby chips and in the cavern of whose mouth a diamond glinted.

I decided I'd learned everything I'd be apt to for some time and so I slipped out.

But all the way down town the thought of that ring bothered me. Sometime—somewhere I'd seen a ring like that. A long time ago if it were here in Nashiona.

There'd been a fad for queer rings when I was at school. Chatty, as became one whose father owned a jewellery store, had flaunted a peacock. That had been the most obvious, of course, but there'd been others.

Ted Blake had worn a snake and Mary's was a tortoise studded with rhinestones, and Norma's a beetle and Eve, whose grandmother didn't approve of schoolgirl idiocies, had to content herself with her great aunt's cameo and mine—oh, mine was the best of all! A real Egyptian scarab and when you pressed a catch the scarab top lifted and there was a tiny opening into which you packed cotton saturated with perfume.

No one else owned a perfume ring and the other girls had envied me and Tom Robertson had wanted to trade for it—

My jaw dropped. Tom! Why, it had been Tom, of course! Tom had owned the lion ring. It was the one he'd offered to trade.

I had an instant's impulse to rush back to Shawn with this information, but I repressed it sternly. After all, what did I know? That Tom had owned a lion ring.

But Tom was dead and no stretch of imagination could turn his stocky figure into a woman's nor let his heavy flat be mistaken for a woman's hand.

Obviously, then, the ring, if it still

existed, had passed into some other possession.

I was about fifteen minutes late at the beauty parlor but my operator assured me it didn't matter. They'd been extra busy that morning—a manicure that they hadn't expected and a woman from out of town who'd wanted a henna pack and of course that was five dollars, so Miss Dorad said put her in.

She was a pleasant child and I let her ramble on. She knew who I was and she thought it must be wonderful to live in New York and be married to an author. She'd never seen an author, she said wistfully. She wished Mr. Cosgrave would come in for a scalp treatment or something before he left Nashiona.

She was so wistful that I told her I was afraid beauty shops were a bit out of Shawn's line. She picked me up sharply. Lots of men patronised beauty parlors. They came for facials or scalp treatments—Miss Dorad was terribly good at scalp treatments. They even came for funnier things than that.

Why, just that morning Miss Dorad worked on one of the prominent men in town who had a black eye.

Miss Dorad was wonderful with black eyes. She used raw meat and a particular kind of cream and when she was through the eye looked as good as new. This man'd been in a fight, he said. He didn't want anyone to know about it. She guessed probably he'd been drunk—most of them were these days.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 27: — Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve.

THURSDAY, May 28: — Mrs. Edwards and Goodie Reeve.

FRIDAY, May 29: — Musical Alphabet.

SATURDAY, May 30: — Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, May 31: — Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, June 1: — "Letters from O.G.P.S."

TUESDAY, June 2: — The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

I held my breath as I listened. A black eye and one of the prominent men in town! Could that be Darden Greene? The waiter'd said he was beaten up. Had the police given him a black eye? Someone had sat at a table opposite Nick Fierocello last night until he had been forced to flee for his freedom's sake. Had he acquired a black eye in the going?

I tried to conceal my eagerness as I asked if she knew where he got it. Because I'd seen a fight the night before and I wondered—

She turned wary at once. She said she hadn't heard. Miss Dorad never permitted them to ask questions. She might have added or answer them but courtesy doubtless prevented. As it was I got a very wistful little lecture. It was Miss Dorad's idea that beauty operators were a good deal like priests. They had to keep secrets. If they didn't, they lost their business.

I thought, that's one for you, Kit, and dropped it for the moment. I'd an idea that a five-dollar bill might move Miss Dorad to part with at least one customer's secrets.

My operator worked swiftly on my hair. Now she covered it with a net and wheeled the dryer into place.

"If you want anything, Mrs. Cosgrave, you can ring."

I thanked her and resolutely closed my eyes. Perhaps while my hair was drying I could rest.

But I couldn't. My head was a whirl of lion rings.

The longer I thought about it, the more important that ring became and the more important it became the more I was convinced I must find out about it. I thought, "I can stop on my way home and talk to Mrs. Weir. She'd know if Eve ever had it. It wouldn't hurt to ask."

I'm not quite sure just when I became certain that I couldn't wait so long. Instinctively the thought kept recurring to me: "You could telephone—then you'd know."

When it became unbearable I pressed the bell.

When the girl came, I said, "I've an important call to make. It can't wait. Is there a telephone I can use?"

There was. She took the net off my hair and led me down a narrow corridor off which the work booths

opened to one at the farther end. A telephone stood on a glass-topped dressing-table.

It took only a moment to reach Mrs. Weir. I said, "This is Katherine Stanley, Mrs. Weir, and I want to ask you something that may be important. Do you know if Eve ever wore a lion head ring?"

Mrs. Weir sounded old, old, old. She said, "Why, that was Tom's ring. He always wore it. On his left little finger."

I said, "Do you remember—was it on his finger when he was found?"

Mrs. Weir said it was queer my asking that. It hadn't been. His jewellery was gone—his watch, his tie pin and the ring. That was what made them think robbery might have been the motive.

The whole thing seemed to be bursting on me in flashes of light. I interrupted her. I said, "Stolen—of course, that's it! By Tom's murderer! And that's not all! The person who drove the handcar the night the store was robbed wore a lion head ring!"

I realised then that in my excitement I was talking loudly, far more loudly than the thickness of the walls would justify. Now as I stood up with the express purpose of ending this conversation as quickly as possible I saw something in the glass of the mirror that sent a cold shiver down my spine.

Because the wallboard that formed the side of the booth ended about twelve inches from the floor and there, beneath it, I saw a pair of shoes, women's shoes, black suede, high-heeled and slender, and above them a stretch of beige-colored stocking.

And, even as I watched, petrified, they moved, tiptoeing softly backwards and out of sight.

Something horrible, something unbelievably cruel and menacing stood behind that partition. Even in that frozen instant, as I watched those feet disappear, I knew it with the sort of knowledge that is nineteenth-century intuition and as such can be neither challenged nor denied. It was Death who listened there.

A paralysis of fear held me. I stood there, unable to move or speak.

I think that it must have been the sound of actual footsteps in the passageway that finally did galvanise me into action. I pressed my finger to the summoning bell and held it there.

The bell made an awful clangor. I was glad.

The little operator came on the run. She said, "Is something wrong?" and then, "Why, Mrs. Cosgrave, how queer you look! Let me get you a drink of water."

As to the proper procedure of this next, Shawn and I differed. We still do—in its re-discussion. He says that what I should have done was to insist upon seeing Miss Dorad, complain to her that someone had been eavesdropping—as though such a mild word as eavesdropping could convey the proper degree of sinister—

ness—and demand the name of the occupant of the next cubicle.

Or—and he seems really to prefer this alternative—I should have gone into that booth myself and confronted the listener.

He is not sympathetic, even now, when I protest that I was physically and mentally incapable of such action. My only thought was to escape from that place, to flee to him, and, by my fleeing, to throw upon his shoulders both the responsibility and the weight of my discovery. Nor does he appear to be, by such trust and confidence, flattered.

I said, "I'm sorry but I have to go. Right away. I can't wait for the rest of it—the facial and the manicure. I can't even wait to have my hair dried. If you'll get my hat and coat—and call a taxi—"

I must have frightened her. She said, "Yes, Mrs. Cosgrave," in a sort of gulp and then she was hurrying me along the corridor that was empty and noiseless save for the dull purr of the dryers and the sound of water splashing into the bowls.

But, frightened or not, she had her wits about her. She told the awe-inspiring blonde at the desk that I was ill and wanted a taxi and then she said, "If you like, I'll go downstairs with you, Mrs. Cosgrave. I can wait until the taxi comes."

I could have hugged her. She took me by the arm and we hurried downstairs.

To be continued

## Animal Antics



"May I cut in?"

## Popular Jackpot Session

A couple of years back Jack Davey programmes were the highlight of radio entertainment.

Their popularity was amazing.

PESSIMISTS, however, thought that their popularity would not last, but in spite of their foreboding there is still one jackpot session which commands a bigger audience on 2GB than any other similar show. The programme is "Ladies First," heard from 2GB at 8 o'clock every Monday night, for which he has selected two of his most popular jackpot sessions—"Yes-No" and "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral."

He has interspersed this session with three of radio's most popular artists, and with a band to provide a background he has a show which provides first-class entertainment.

Both "Yes-No" and "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral" are based on old parlor games which never seem to lose their freshness. The reason probably is that they provide plenty of scope for unrehearsed humor.

In the first there is a battle of wits between Jack Davey and the contestants, and in "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral" contestants must guess the object decided on by the quiz-master and the audience. The contestants can ask as many questions as they like, to which Davey gives a truthful answer.

## Unconscious humor

IT can easily be appreciated that as both the audience in the theatre and those in their homes know the object, the questions asked are frequently unconsciously humorous.

As a compere of such shows Davey has a knack of developing every incident to its most humorous point without seeking to make contestants feel uncomfortable. They enjoy the humor as much as he does, in spite of their nervousness. In both cases cash prizes are paid to successful contestants.

As for the variety portion of the programme, it is provided by three of the most popular artists in radio to-day—Alan Coad, a young baritone; Alice Smith, an attractive light vocalist; and George Blackshaw, who has brought to radio a new type of sophisticated humor that never fails to convulse audiences.

In next Monday night's broadcast from 2GB Jack Davey will prove his talents in yet another field when Alan Coad will feature for the first time on the air "Mr. Doughboy," a newly-published song composed by Jack Davey himself. It is a rollicking number.

# Path To Stardom

Continued from page 2

"THAT'S a pity," said Cecil. He looked at Lillian lovingly. She was so beautiful. He wished he could look at her all day long. An idea struck him. "Look, Lillian, how would you like to work here for a while—take the place of the girl I've just sacked? All you have to do is to take the orders and carry out the trays. And you get good tips—". He paused, a sudden doubt assailing him. Lillian didn't have what could be called a very reliable memory. Could she remember an order for the length of time it took her to walk back to the counter? "You're given your lunch and dinner here. What do you think?"

"All right—", said Lillian. A few minutes later she came from the cloakroom. Cecil looked her over approvingly. Professionally he instructed her in her duties and then made a suggestion that was nothing short of inspiration.

"Listen, darling," he said. "Don't ever try to take a table with more than two people at it, and always try to get one with just a single person."

Lillian did even more than that to keep out of trouble; she leaned against the high front counter and let the other girls rush backwards and forwards serving customers. After twenty minutes of that a bright-eyed tiny brunette waitress came up to her.

"Having a rest cure?" she inquired.

Lillian smiled at her in a friendly way. "No, I'm working here," she explained.

"Oh, I thought you were part of the scenery."

It occurred to Lillian that Peggy might not be the only person to notice her, so, a little later on, when Cecil took a quick journey past to ask how she was doing, she began to look about for a customer. There was a yellow car drawing up now, and the man in it got out and chose a table for one. He was a heavy-set man with sharp, brown eyes. Lillian walked towards him.

"Good evening," he said. She handed him a menu card, but he ordered without looking at it. He was looking rather sharply at Lillian.

Lillian was used to having men look at her. They usually did. Now she was pleased with the idea that Cecil should see her busy as she got her order and returned with it to the waiting customer.

"You're new here, aren't you?" he asked pleasantly.

"I only came to-day," said Lillian. "One of the girls left—suddenly."

she added. Lillian went back to her resting place. It did not occur to her to look for another customer. She had a customer. But she wasn't attentive enough to clear his table when he had finished; he had to ask one of the other girls to fetch her. He paid the bill, adding a shilling to the total. She thanked him politely and turned to leave.

"Just a minute," said the man. Lillian turned around slowly with an unconscious display of grace.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Lillian Doyle."

"Have you ever had a screen test?"

"No."

"Would you like to have one?"

Lillian just stared at him. Even she was wary of this approach.

"I mean it," said the man. He took a card from his pocket and wrote on it. "Look here, come over to the studio to-morrow and show this."

Lillian's eyes opened a little wider as she looked at the card. It read—Mr. Reuben—Syndicated Pictures.

He really belonged to pictures, then. "Will you come over in the morning?" the man asked impatiently.

"All right, I'll come."

Fascinated, Lillian watched the assistant director of Syndicated Pictures reverse his car and drive away. No need to worry further about customers.

She was in pictures.

"Well, what do you think of her?" Mr. Jack Reuben strolled into Gail Wheeler's office not long after Lillian had been excused for the rest of the day.

Please turn to page 20



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, having effected the capture of the members of the Octopus Ring, a gang of international spies, is engaged with

**MR. ROARK:** Of the Secret Service, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, in trying to locate the head of the gang. As he is

searching the spies' lair a sleek black car, supposedly driven by **THE OCTOPUS:** Smashes through a door and races away. Mandrake and the police give chase, and as a drawbridge is being crossed it opens and the leading car plunges into the river. Mandrake dons a diving outfit, but when he reaches the car it is empty. There is no trace of the Octopus. **NOW READ ON:**



HE MUST HAVE TRIED TO GET OUT OF THE CAR--THE DOOR WAS OPEN.

CRAZY GUY. WENT RIGHT OVER THE END OF THAT DRAWBRIDGE. THAT PLUNGE MUST HAVE KILLED HIM.



THERE'S A TERRIFIC CURRENT IN THAT RIVER. HE MUST HAVE TRIED TO GET OUT OF HIS CAR--THE CURRENT PULLED HIM INTO THE MAIN CHANNEL--



I'LL HAVE THE RIVER PATROLS WATCH FOR THE BODY. SAY, WHO WAS THIS OCTOPUS?

I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEVER KNOW.



MANDRAKE, WE'VE ROUNDED UP THE ENTIRE SPY RING. MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE SOME OF THEM?

I WOULD. LUGA AND SONYA.



WELL, LUGA, THE GAME IS OVER, EH? YOU CAME CLOSE TO WINNING.



YOU WERE RIGHT, MANDRAKE. SPYING IS A FOOL'S GAME. I SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO MODELLING.

I'M SORRY FOR YOU, SONYA, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FACE THE MUSIC.



MANDRAKE, YOUR GOVERNMENT THANKS YOU. SINGLE-HANDED YOU'VE DESTROYED THE OCTOPUS SPY-RING.

BUT YOUR WORK MUST GO ON, FOOTE, UNTIL EVERY SPY IN THIS COUNTRY IS BEHIND BARS.



NARDA, IT'S ALL OVER. THE OCTOPUS SPY RING IS SMASHED.



AND THE OCTOPUS IS DEAD. DID YOU EVER SEE HIM?

NEVER. NEITHER IN LIFE OR DEATH. I WISH I HAD. I'D FEEL MORE SATISFIED.



YOU DON'T THINK HE'S STILL ALIVE?

I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S POSSIBLE, YET IF I HAD ONLY FOUND HIM IN THAT CAR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER--OH, HE MUST BE DEAD.



THE SPY RING IS SMASHED--BUT IS THE OCTOPUS DEAD, OR WILL THIS MALEVOLENT EVIL FORCE RETURN TO SEEK VENGEANCE?



OH, MANDRAKE. LET'S GO IN. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY IT.

ME, TOO. WHAT IS BOWLING STUFF?



OH-- I THREW IT CROOKED?



THERE THEY ARE! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

FOLLOW ORDERS! THE GUY WITH THE SILK HAT'S THE ONE WE WANT!

TO BE CONTINUED

# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

## ★★ THE CORSIAN BROTHERS

(Week's Best Release)

Douglas Fairbanks, Ruth Warrick, (United Artists.)

"THE CORSIAN BROTHERS" is a freely adapted version of Alexandre Dumas' classic adventure romance.

It is an incredible story of Siamese twins who are separated immediately after birth by a miraculous operation and saved from a vendetta attack that kills their parents. One child is taken to Paris and the other is reared in the wilds of Corsica.

Twenty-one years later the twins (Fairbanks) are reunited and swear to avenge the family murders.

Ruth Warrick is the rather insipid Countess with whom both brothers fall in love, and Akim Tamiroff is grand as the villainous murderer.

The film is too lengthy and has a few dull spots, but there is plenty of swashbuckling action and excitement to compensate, and young Doug Fairbanks displays all the verve and dash that made his father's film the top adventure star.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET

Patric Knowles, Maria Montez, (Universal.)

THE pictorialisation of one of Edgar Allan Poe's best-known works is an eerie and morbid film, but the cast is competent and well selected.

Two murders are committed almost simultaneously, and the faces of both victims are wholly disfigured, and the bodies are found floating in the Seine. Maria Montez is suspected of committing the murders, until she is found to be one of the victims.

Patric Knowles plays the young

doctor who solves the mysteries by his medical knowledge, and Nell O'Day supplies the romantic interest. Maria Ouspenskaya is the grandmother of Maria Montez and Nell O'Day.—Capitol; showing.

## ★ ALL AMERICAN CO-ED.

Frances Langford, Johnny Downs, (United Artists.)

THIS is a flimsy little musical all about a girl's horticultural school which undertakes a publicity campaign in an effort to outdo the neighboring college.

In order to thwart these plans, the other college sends some of its huskies to the rival campus, and then the high-jinks begin.

Johnny Downs makes an insipid hero, but the show is saved from complete obscurity by the tuneful singing of Frances Langford and the Tanner sisters and the clever dance routines of Jack Crosby.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★ RED RIVER VALLEY

Roy Rogers, Sally Payne, (Republic.)

THIS one is pretty dull fare, with only limited action and a hackneyed story of water-rights.

Only bright spots in the film are the musical numbers—and these are above average. Roy Rogers has an attractive personality, and Sally Payne provides some comedy as the village phone operator and chief fixer-upper.—Civico; showing.

## ★ BLUE, WHITE, AND PERFECT

Lloyd Nolan, Mary Beth Hughes, (20th Century-Fox.)

HERE is an entertaining film dealing with the latest adventures of Michael Shayne, famous fictional wise-cracking detective.

After promising his fiancée, Mary Beth Hughes, that he will give up detective work, Lloyd is called into

# Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

an aircraft factory to trail a diamond thief. He follows the clues aboard a liner bound for Honolulu, and there are mystery and action provided on the voyage.

Nolan gives his usual breezy characterisation, and gets able support from Mary Beth Hughes, George Reeves, and Helene Reynolds.—Civico; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 23rd week.

★★★ Pimpernel Smith. Leslie Howard in entralling adventure.—Lyceum; 12th week.

★★★ How Green Was My Valley. Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatisation of book.—Embassy; 8th week.

★★★ Sergeant York. Gary Cooper in superb true story of World War I hero.—Regent; 5th week.

★★★ Dumbo. Enchanting feature cartoon from Disney, starring baby elephant in circus tale.—Plaza; 3rd week.

★★★ The Little Foxes. Bette Davis and superb new cast in brilliant, merciless drama.—Century; 2nd week.

★★ Turned Out Nice Again. George Formby in broad farce.—Victory; 8th week.

★★ Babes on Broadway.—Exuberant musical for Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland.—St. James; 5th week.

★★ Bahama Passage. West Indian romance in glorious technicolor, starring Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.—Prince Edward; 3rd week.

# Cable news from the studios!

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

**A**LICE FAYE and her husband, Phil Harris, who were married in Mexico on May 12, 1941, are rejoicing in the arrival of a daughter. The baby will be named after her mother.

It was in October, 1941, that Alice announced she was giving up films in favor of motherhood, and was granted a year's leave of absence from her studio. Alice then said she wanted to be able to devote all her time to the infant when it arrived.

The wonderful array of baby-clothes awaiting the new Miss Faye was designed largely in reversible blues and pinks to suit either boy or girl.

**ROBERT DONAT** is going to make "Sabotage Agent" for MGM in England. The studio previously starred Donat, of course, in "The Citadel" and "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," and has decided to take up its British productions again.

**LEW AYRES**, who has left his conscientious objectors' camp in Oregon, will do 13 weeks' basic military training before being transferred to a non-combatant medical division of the U.S. Army.

"I am still strongly opposed to war," Lew told the Press, "but I am glad of a chance to serve my country. Medical work is just what I have always wanted to do."

**VAN HEFLIN**, who, since his stage tour with Katharine Hepburn in "Philadelphia Story," has become one of Hollywood's top leading men, has wed actress Frances Neil.

**JUDY GARLAND** and Robert Taylor will be together in "Presenting Lily Mars," a Metro film from Booth Tarkington's story.

**NORMA SHEARER** refuses to confirm the reports that she plans an immediate wedding with French ski-instructor Marty Arrouge.

Norma's friends told me, however, that the star has been acquainted with him for the past three years. He is a great favorite with her children, Irving and Kathleen Thalberg, whom he taught to ski at Sun Valley. Norma herself has confided to her intimate friends that after six years of widowhood she is lonely.

**ENGLISH** comedian Stanley Lupino, who is an A.R.P. warden in London, found time to write a movie for his daughter Ida. Warner's are now considering its production.

**ALINE MACMAHON** and her mother are both working in Metro's new comedy, "Tish"—a version of Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous stories.

**CECIL KELLAWAY** has bought himself a Valley ranch, and will move there from his rented house very soon. Mrs. Kellaway is busy choosing furniture.

**ENGLISH** actress Jane Dupres, who came out here to make the outdoor scenes in "Thief of Bagdad," will play a Japanese spy in Fox's "Little Tokyo, U.S.A."

**PEGGY DRAKE**, Charles Laughlin's leading lady in RKO's "Turtles of Tahiti," is reported to be suing the studio because she caught pneumonia when she was "forced to wear flimsy sarongs for her South Sea role."

"WHAT do you want to make of her?"

"What do we always want to make of them?" demanded Jack Reuben, with the shouting, nervous vitality that was part of him. "Stars. Big Names. New Personalities. Box Office. The girl's a knockout. We've got to make her into something. The only question is—what?"

"She ought to be marvellous as the Sleeping Beauty," said Gail.

"Listen, Miss Wheeler, we've got something here, if we can only find out what it is."

"If she's anything, she's a natural," said Gail.

"That's it," said Jack Reuben, with quick enthusiasm, "a natural. A brand-new personality. We've got to get a name for it. Something snappy."

"I'll think about it," said Gail, "And take Lillian shopping with you. Get her some clothes. Something seductive that doesn't look as if it were meant to be. Get the idea?" Gail got it.

"Can she sing, do you think?"

"I'd like to teach her to talk first."

Gail wasn't worried about that. She had known that day in Raymond's shop that she could do something with Lillian's voice.

Cecil didn't think there was anything wrong with Lillian's voice. In the sitting-room of the Doyle house he listened with amusement to Mrs. Doyle, who told him about the improvements that were being made in her daughter.

Cecil looked at Lillian. Already she was different. He wished achingly for her as she had been, slumped and comfortable.

"Want to go to a film, Lillian?" he asked.

"Not to-night, Cecil," her mother answered for her. "She's going out to-morrow night, and she has to be at the studio early in the morning. We don't want to stand in the way of her success, do we, Cecil?"

"No," said Cecil. "No." After an awkward silence, he got up. He knew what Mrs. Doyle meant. He mustn't stand in the way of Lillian's success. "I think I'll be going," he said.

"Come again," said Mr. Doyle. "Thank you," said Cecil, but he knew he wouldn't be coming here

# Path To Stardom

Continued from page 19

from now on. He wouldn't stand in Lillian's way.

Lillian walked with him to the front gate.

"I suppose you'll be awfully busy now, Lillian? I mean, I suppose you won't have much time to go to the pictures and the sea, now that you're going to be in films?"

He wanted for Lillian to deny this, but she didn't.

"Of course, you can always see me on the screen, Cecil."

"And you can see me at the Nutty-Cheeseburger—remember?"

"Of course," said Lillian.

For a moment, as Cecil turned down the street, she felt a queer swelling in her throat. It puzzled her. She shouldn't be unhappy about anything. She was in pictures. Slowly, she went back.

Spring came and went and Gail Wheeler hardly noticed. One afternoon she went to Raymond's for a manicure.

Raymond himself was busy over a glorious head of red-gold hair. It was Lillian. Gail said, "Hello, Lillian," and was rewarded with a return greeting in a voice that had been trained and polished these last six weeks.

Lillian was talking to a girl named Birdie Banks. Birdie had been a school friend who was now a self-appointed personal attendant. "Where are we going for dinner?" Gail heard Birdie ask.

"I haven't decided," said Lillian.

"By the way, Lillian, how is Cecil?" asked Susan, who was doing her nails.

"Oh, I haven't seen him for ages."

"Now, there you are, Miss Lillian," said Raymond, handing her a mirror. "It is beautiful. You are going to a party to-night, yes?"

"No," said Lillian, but she looked at her hair with a critical eye.

"It's all right," she said suddenly. She stood up, languid and lovely.

"Let's go to the Nutty-Cheeseburger," said Lillian.

"All right," agreed Birdie.

It was crowded as usual. A dark girl hurried up to take their order and Lillian greeted her cordially.

"Hello, Peggy."

"Oh, hello," said Peggy unenthusiastically.

"Is Cecil here?" asked Lillian.

"Do you mean Mr. Long, the

manager?" said Peggy in a haughty voice.

"Oh, is Cecil manager now? How nice," said Lillian. "Will you tell him that I'm here? Just say it's Miss Doyle."

She settled back and waited, eating her lunch slowly. But there was no sign of Cecil.

When they had finished, they walked out and saw Cecil at the front entrance.

"Why—Lillian—!" His surprise was evident as he came closer.

"Why didn't you let me know you were here?"

"Didn't Peggy tell you?"

"Peggy? No."

"She must have forgotten," said Lillian. "How are you, Cecil?"

"Oh, I'm fine. And you?"

"All right. I'm so glad you're manager now, Cecil."

"Yes," said Cecil. "How do you like being in pictures, Lillian?"

"All right."

"Mr. Long," Peggy touched his arm. "You are wanted inside."

Cecil became a business man instantly.

"I'll be there immediately. Good-bye, Lillian. Nice to see you."

"Good-bye," said Lillian doubtfully.

Birdie said suddenly, "I know why Peggy didn't tell Cecil you were out there. I've just remembered, she's the girl he's taking about now."

For the first time in her life Lillian failed to show her customary good nature.

Gail Wheeler read the page of script Jack Reuben had given her.

"Now, Lillian, you are supposed to be a poor girl who works in a large shop, and the only fun you have is when your boy friend takes you out to a meal. You want more than that. You want furs and cats and nightclubs."

She went on coaching Lillian in her lines and actions before the camera.

"Bring her over on the set."

**THE advertisements in this issue referring to goods covered by the Clothing Control Order have been sanctioned by the Minister for War Organisation of Industry on account of the impossibility of withdrawal due to technical difficulties.**

directed Jack Reuben's voice on the telephone.

Afterwards down in the studio restaurant he asked Gail what she thought of it. "She wasn't frightened," he said, "but do you think she understood her part? She didn't show a sign of life at the part when the rich girl offers to change places with her and she just stood and smiled in the love scenes."

"She's a natural," reminded Gail. "We'll try it once more," said Jack Reuben. "Rehearse her again this afternoon and try to make her see it."

Gail went over things with Lillian that afternoon. "Now, Lillian, you are a shop girl and your feet are tired. You would give anything to sit down. Then when you meet your boy friend for supper you still have to stand up at a snick bar counter and you get angry."

Lillian sat down and stood up as gracefully as a queen, but she continued to greet her boy friend with a pleasant smile. Jack Reuben stayed a few minutes and went morosely away. His beautiful natural was a stranger to a part that was made for her.

"You were late at the studio this morning, weren't you?" said her mother.

"A little," said Lillian. But she didn't say that it wouldn't matter how late she was to-morrow morning or any morning thereafter.

Syndicated Pictures had informed her to-day that they were not exercising their option on her future services. Mr. Reuben had told her flatly that she couldn't act. But she didn't know how to explain this to her mother.

She went out listlessly and started to walk along the Boulevard. A few yards down she came to a pleasant, attractive restaurant. She went inside, and a young man appeared.

"Hello, Cecil," said Lillian.

"Why, Lillian—!" Cecil hadn't seen her since the day she had come into the Nutty-Cheeseburger with Birdie.

"They told me at the Nutty-Cheeseburger you were here now," said Lillian.

"Yes, the boss opened this place two weeks ago and put me in charge. Of course, I've got a much bigger opportunity here."

**LILLIAN** could see that Cecil looked like a bigger opportunity. He led her through the restaurant to a walled garden where tables had been placed around a pool.

"Look, Lillian, I was just going to have my dinner. I have to eat early, you know. Won't you have something with me?"

"I might have a steak."

"Wouldn't you rather have chicken or salad or something?" He felt these to be more fitting for a film star, but Lillian was not tempted.

"Just a steak, thanks, Cecil."

They ate at a table close to the pool and nearby two canaries sang joyously in a cage. Lillian admired them.

"We have everything here. Not of course, like you have in the films," he added hastily. "It's wonderful you're in pictures, Lillian," he went on. "You'll be a great star some day."

"But I don't want to be a great star, Cecil."

"You don't want to be a great star?" said Cecil, astonished. "Why, Lillian, don't you like being in pictures?"

"Oh, it's all right, but I think I was meant to be married and have a home."

Cecil stared at her.

"You mean you would give up the films and your career and everything?"

"For someone I loved, I would."

Cecil continued to stare at her. This long-held vision of Lillian as a famous, but remote, star was dissolving before his eyes. Instead he was seeing Lillian as her old self, upstairs in this very flat, Lillian standing, waiting for him to take her to the sea—perhaps Lillian and three copper-headed children waiting to be taken to the sea.

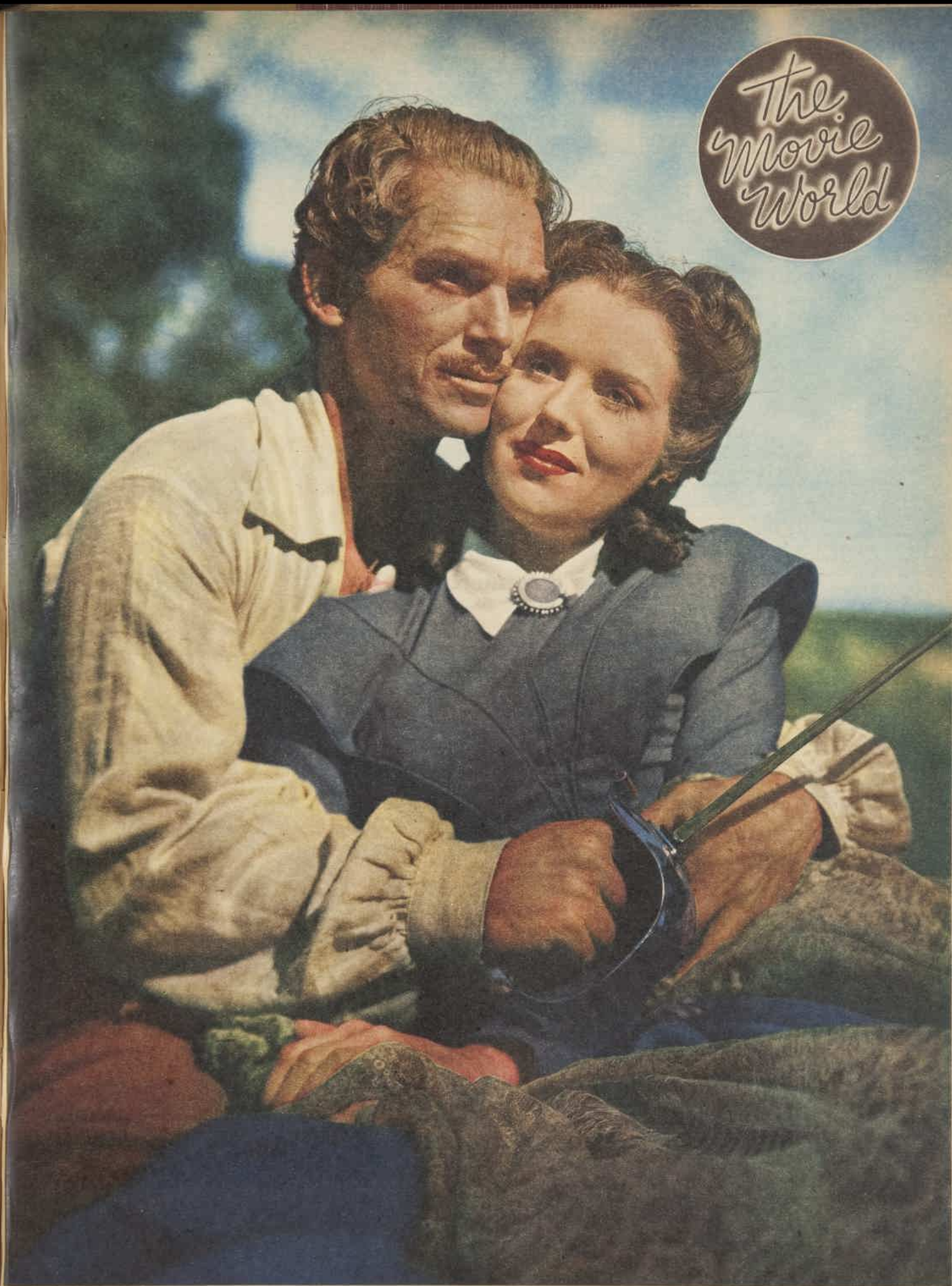
"You mean, Lillian—I mean—Lillian, if you could give up your career to marry me I'd spend my whole life trying to make it up to you."

Both Gail Wheeler and Mr. Reuben might have concluded that Lillian was a great natural if they could have heard the emotion of her voice as she answered him.

"All right, Cecil," she said. "All right . . ."

(Copyright)

*The  
Movie  
World*



## HAIL and FAREWELL

United Artists' adventure, "The Corsican Brothers," was adapted from the Dumas story for Doug Fairbanks, jun., and Ruth Warwick. The film is Doug's farewell to the screen: has since joined the U.S. Navy. Ruth,

who made her debut in Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane," has here, however, her first chance to play a screen heroine. Ruth is one of America's most versatile radio-play performers, but wants to stay in Hollywood a while.

## HARSH REMEDIES

### add years to your looks



Just because harsh remedies may give you temporary relief—have no illusions what they're doing to you. Severe-acting remedies that "shock" your system into action, can undermine your health, steal your looks. Drop them at once—before more damage is done.

The safe way to correct your trouble is by getting at the cause of your condition—lack of "bulk" in your diet. These days, we don't eat nearly enough bulk-producing foods—raw vegetables, for instance, or raw fruit. Your system needs a daily supply of "bulk" for the internal muscles to work on. Without "bulk", these muscles become slack and flabby—and

irregularity sets in very soon. Here's concentrated "bulk"

You simply must put that "bulk" into your daily diet. Kellogg's All-Bran is a specially prepared cereal that gives you concentrated "bulk". It works in the same way as raw fruits and vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly! When it enters the system, it forms a soft, bulky mass that absorbs water and softens like a sponge. The delicate internal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Enjoy two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning with milk and sugar. (And let the milk soak right in). In a week you'll be back to normal. No more harsh remedies. Get some Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day!

## CATARRH SUFFERERS!

Here's the **RELIEF** you have longed for!

It's the modern way to clear stuffy nose—You b-r-e-a-t-h-e freely... in seconds!

Just a few drops up each nostril do 3 important things to bring you comfort

DOES YOUR NOSE clog up in winter... spoiling your working days... ruining sleep at night... making you miserable?

WHEN YOU PUT a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril, you experience positive relief in three wonderfully effective ways at once! Quickly spreading throughout the sore, congested nasal passages, those few drops (1) soothe irritation, (2) clear away clogging mucus, and (3) restore the swollen

membranes inside your nose to normal size. It's thrilling! Cool, clear breathing is yours almost at once.

IT'S SO CONVENIENT, and entirely safe. Vicks Va-tro-nol can be used as often as relief is required, at home or at work, day or night. So comforting, so worth trying in your family for colds in the head and catarrh—with Vicks guarantee of satisfaction or money back.



## Stars in Hemingway's novel



● Blonde Danish dancer Zorina will play Maria in Paramount's version of Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," to be made soon.

### SPECULATION OVER ZORINA AS MARIA

From BARBARA O'CONNOR in Hollywood

PARAMOUNT'S selection of Zorina to play Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is being as hotly criticised as was the casting of Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara.

And behind the selection of the blonde Danish dancer for the Hemingway adventure lies a fascinating story.

Actually, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" has aroused the greatest Hollywood interest, since "Gone With the Wind."

The search for a film Maria went on for months. In the beginning Ernest Hemingway himself favored Swedish Ingrid Bergman. But she was committed to star in Seznick's "Keys of the Kingdom," which is scheduled to start at the same time as "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

### Eager for role

AFTER this disappointment, all the prominent actresses clamored to play Maria. The extent of their enthusiasm is demonstrated by Luise Rainer, who offered to cut off her hair if the studio would test her. Hemingway's Maria had cropped her tresses.

Maria will, however, be played in a wig—a crop of short, feathery curls designed by Max Factor after Paramount had decided that Maria would not go through the film with the short head previously anticipated—as faithful to the book.

Annabella was also prominent among the candidates. But the old bugaboo of an unintelligible accent counted against her.

Zorina entered the contest when she reported to Paramount for the technicolor film version of "Louisiana Purchase."

The studio was then making routine tests of every actress on the lot for the Maria role. Its idea was to permit director Sam Wood personally to re-test those actresses in whom he saw possibilities.

Zorina's Maria was so outstanding that she was the only girl to be re-tested. This led to rumors that she had been definitely chosen for the role. However, she left Hollywood for a road tour with "Louisiana Purchase," and Betty Field appeared on the scene.

Betty emerged from the line of also-rans when she was loaned to



● Hemingway and everyone else chose Gary Cooper, friend of author, to play hero, Robert Jordan.



● Former star Pola Negri is among the competitors for the role of Pilar. So is Nazimova.



● Akim Tamiroff is delighted with his assignment to the character of Pablo.

Warners for the role of Cassandra in "King's Row," which was also directed by Sam Wood. He was so impressed by her handling of the difficult character that he made extensive technicolor tests of Betty for the Maria role.

The news that Sam Wood was making an additional trial of Betty revived the hopes of other glamor girls like Paulette Goddard, but Zorina won from Betty.

Primarily a ballet dancer, Zorina came to the screen in "The Goldwyn Follies," and has appeared since in "On Your Toes" for Warners, "I Was an Adventuress" for Fox, and "Louisiana Purchase."

A secondary competition still exists among character actresses for Pilar in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Nazimova, Blanche Yurka, and Lenore Ulrich led the field until Pola Negri was brought out from New York to be tested.

Casting of other supporting roles is proceeding slowly. Akim Tamiroff plays Pablo, Joseph Calleja El Sordo, Vladimir Sokoloff Anselmo, and Duncan Renaldo will be Lieutenant Berendo.

The production schedule of the picture is likely to set a record for length. The first scenes, wherein minor players and extras appear, were filmed last November on location in the Sierra Mountains. In order to secure winter snow backgrounds.

The dramatic body of the story will be filmed as soon as Gary Cooper—first and last choice for Robert Jordan—has finished making "Pride of the Yankees" for Goldwyn. Director Sam Wood is tied up with that picture, too.

Cooper was Hemingway's personal nomination as Jordan from the beginning. His only close competitor was Sterling Hayden, who settled the dispute by joining the Canadian Navy.



**POCKET THE SAVING!**

Save on dentifrice too, and pocket the change. You get over  $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. of the finest tooth paste, free from grit and waste, in the large tube of

**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**

Every atom does a grand cleaning job. That's why you need less on the brush, and why a tube lasts so long. And it's the only dentifrice that contains the anti-septic oils of LISTERINE itself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burning Dandruff itch and itching is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germ with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.



## To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in every instance has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Parmint (double-strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day. Parmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. Your system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 2/3

## Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the powerful, yet harmless germicide called Moone's Emerald Oil can be obtained at any chemist.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal. Chemists are now selling lots of it under strict guarantee of money back if not completely satisfied.

## The lighter learning



**1** EIGHT professors, headed by Bertram Potts (Cooper), work on a slang dictionary.

IN RKO's comedy, "Ball of Fire," Barbara Stanwyck plays Sugarpudd O'Shea to Gary Cooper's Professor Potts. The motion picture industry thought so much of Barbara as Sugarpudd that she was among the five actresses nominated for this year's Academy Award. Gary Cooper co-stars with Barbara.



**2** SEEKING new phrases for dictionary, bashful Potts has to visit gay night-clubs.



**3** STRIP-TEASE dancer Sugarpudd O'Shea (Barbara Stanwyck), because she and her gangster boy-friend, Joe (Dana Andrews), are sought by police, offers herself as coach.



**4** DETERMINED to reach Joe's New Jersey hideout and marry him, Sugarpudd eludes police by making Potts propose, then inviting the professors to New Jersey for wedding.



**5** GANGSTERS' hideout **6** REALISING she really reached, Joe coldly explains Sugarpudd's trickery, follows him back to city.



**7** ANGERED, Joe sends two of his gunmen to the Foundation, where the professors are living, and says that unless Sugarpudd returns to him he will have Potts killed.

## PROVED by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:  
1. Up to 33% more luster.  
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.  
3. Faster, safer "perming."  
4. Helps keep hair's elasticity.

BLONDE MODEL SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE:  
LEFT—Soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-bite."  
RIGHT—Colimated side. Hair shining, silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo. And it proves this revolutionary new shampoo gives almost unbelievable results... a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colimating" process.

In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Colimated foam—the other with soap or powder shampoo. And the results?

1. The Colimated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

Half hair washed with Colimated foam—the other half with soap or powder shampoo—no noticeable results except the shampoo themselves.



Helps "Perms" Take Faster  
In every case, Colimated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.



Always look for the name

**MORLEY**

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors  
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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

*On duty..*



**smart  
and attractive**

*Off duty...* so feminine and lovely...

**with Pond's "Lips" and Pond's Powder**

Yes — she handles a truck with ease — and she handles men just as easily.

Her powder clings for hours and hours — because it's Pond's . . . made specially with the softest, finest texture of all. Made specially to look as glamorous under the hot sun and the glare of electric lights. It's *glare-proof*.

And her lips always look as if they've just been done . . . glowing with rich, seductive colour.

Eating, drinking, smoking . . . it makes no difference to Pond's "Lips" — they stay on and on and on. Pond's is the smart lipstick that believes the last kiss is the most important of all.

All chemists and stores sell Pond's Powder and Lipstick. Six exquisite shades to choose from.



**Pond's Powder**



**Make this test.**

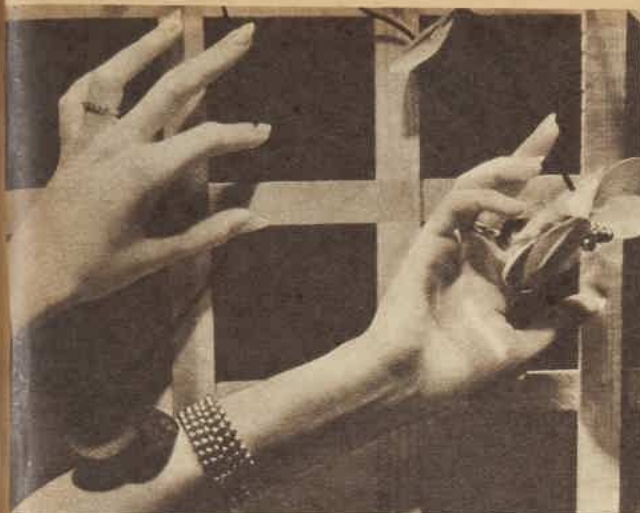
Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Beside it apply any other lipsticks. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue. Then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.

Pond's  
Lipstick "A"  
Lipstick "B"



**Pond's Lips**

*Made by the makers of Pond's famous creams*



BEFORE LONG you will be relying on the old-fashioned buffer to aid you in keeping your fingertips delicately lovely. Dab on powder and then gently polish your nails to a nicety . . . Easy!

## BUSY HANDS . . . keep them lovely

• No hands are so unattractive that they cannot be made good-looking, if not beautiful . . . Proper care, efficient manicuring will make them soft, smooth, and lovely.

—says Our Beauty Expert

**T**HE busy girl or woman who says that she can't keep her hands soft, smooth, and reasonably good to look at is just telling a little fib.

It would be far better for her to admit that she neglects them!

Sun, wind, cold, dirt, grime, housework, office-work, constant placing of hands in water all detract from hand-beauty if not counteracted.

To look after these important assets to your appearance you should dry them thoroughly after every washing. Then apply a generous quantity of honey-and-almond cream, or whatever your favorite hand-lotion happens to be, to hands and wrists.

This lotion should be rubbed or massaged well into hands. Work it in as if you were putting on gloves.

At night, after washing in warm, soapy water, apply skin food to your hands and slip on a pair of loose cotton gloves for the night. This is a simple but splendid way of softening the skin. Moreover, the wearing of gloves keeps the cream off the bedclothes.

Before massaging in the skin

food, however, you should rub a little olive oil or vaseline or cuticle cream around the nails and push down the cuticles. This not only keeps the cuticles down (making cuticle-cutting unnecessary), but prevents splitting—a painful business in wintertime.

A thorough manicure once a week is sufficient for average hands. If your nails are quick-growing you can use an emery file when necessary to keep them nicely rounded.

And note this: Quite a high natural polish can be obtained with a dab of powder and then a good rub with a nail-buffer. (If you don't know what a nail-buffer looks like, note centre picture at top of this page.)

As lacquer goes off the market the old-fashioned buffer will come into the limelight again. You won't be able to cover up defects with lacquer much longer, so it will be up to you to keep your finger-tips in perfect order.

Regular soaking in olive oil will help to strengthen your nails and prevent brittleness.

If brittleness persists, however, and your nails split, look to your general health.

Poor circulation is responsible for

the numb condition of fingers in wintertime. This miserable state of affairs can be improved with exercise, both general and local, and by plunging the hands alternately in hot and cold water.

When westerlies blow in wintertime you are strongly advised to wear gloves when you go out of doors. Cold wind will chafe and crack or, at least, roughen the skin.

Rubbing and friction both help to ward off chilblains, and a course of five-finger exercises on an imaginary piano is one way of ensuring this.

Don't pine for long, tapering fingers or filbert nails if you haven't got them. Keep your hands smooth, soft and well groomed by reasonable care and you will find your eyes admiring them and the approving eyes of others lingering on their loveliness.



THE NEED to hide your hands in company because you neglect and ill-treat them is bad for your peace of mind, your poise. Say what you will, approving eyes linger on smooth, perfectly-groomed hands. So, if yours are not up to standard, read the simple hints on hand care given on this page by our beauty expert—and follow them!

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Nature's warning signs in approaching sickness

NATURE usually gives warning of any departure from normal good health.

Adults can recognise these danger signals, and it is their own responsibility if they fail to heed them.

Babies and little children cannot do this, therefore mothers or those in charge of them should notice certain signs and symptoms when they arise—and act promptly.

By so doing, serious troubles can often be avoided as early treatment will often prevent an illness or render it less serious.

Loss of appetite, signs of a digestive upset, feverishness, etc., are often nature's signs of approaching sickness.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

## HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Chest Medicine For Your Medicine Chest!

The story of HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is a sixty years' record of triumph over Coughs, Colds, Croup and allied chest troubles in children and adults. It quickly breaks up a cold, allays irritation and soothes any soreness. Keep a bottle of HEARNE'S in your Medicine Chest. W. S. HEARNE & CO. LTD., GEELONG



### DO YOU KNOW?

RED INDIAN'S UPPER TEETH ARE RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM WHITES, NEGROES AND OTHERS. THEY ARE SHOVEL SHAPED! HOWEVER, THE COMPOSITION OF TEETH DOES NOT VARY. DENTAL DECAY CAN STRIKE IN EVERY MOUTH. GUARD YOUR TEETH BY USING KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS KEEPS YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN—FREE FROM DECAY GERMS.

### THEIR TEETH DIFFERENT FROM OURS

RED INDIAN'S UPPER TEETH ARE RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM WHITES, NEGROES AND OTHERS. THEY ARE SHOVEL SHAPED! HOWEVER, THE COMPOSITION OF TEETH DOES NOT VARY. DENTAL DECAY CAN STRIKE IN EVERY MOUTH. GUARD YOUR TEETH BY USING KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS KEEPS YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN—FREE FROM DECAY GERMS.

### ELEPHANT CHURNS ON ONE TOOTH

DURING ITS LIFETIME, AN ELEPHANT HAS SIX CHEEK TEETH, BUT ONLY ONE TOOTH IS IN PLACE AND IN USE ON EITHER SIDE OF EACH JAW AT THE ONE TIME. THE WHOLE SERIES MOVES FORWARD ONE AT A TIME AS FRONT TOOTH BECOMES WORN AWAY.

### TOOTH EXTRACTION Brought Back Sanity

IN 1876, CHARGE, ENGLISH ALIENIST, REPORTED A CASE OF MANIA FOLLOWING ACUTE ILLNESS. THE PATIENT, AFTER 3 MONTHS IN ASYLUM, DEVELOPED SEVERE TOOTHACHE. TOOTH WAS EXTRACTED, AND IN A VERY SHORT TIME, PATIENT REGAINED SANITY.

### YOUR TEETH ARE DEFENCELESS

DON'T CRACK NUTS BEND WIRE BREAK STRING OR BITE THREAD WITH YOUR TEETH

THIS CRACKS THE ENAMEL AND MAY KILL THE NERVE. LOST ENAMEL NEVER GROWS AGAIN AND THE FRACTURE OPENS A GATE FOR GERMS TO ENTER. GUARD YOUR TEETH WELL. USE KOLYNOS REGULARLY. KOLYNOS BUBBLES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH FLOWS AWAY DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY, ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN. AFTER KOLYNOS, YOUR TEETH WILL GLEAM & GLEISTEN WITH NEW LOVELINESS.

### KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM. 25 ON DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

# SO EASY TO KNIT!

● And very smart to wear is this white-and-red striped cardigan with a grey, navy, black, or red skirt.

**S**HORT sleeves are shown on the girl in the picture, but directions are also given for long sleeves.

If you prefer long sleeves buy an extra skein each of the white and red wool.

You are advised to use the wool specified, or the same type of wool if you prefer other color combinations; otherwise the success of the garment cannot be guaranteed.

By the way, the cardigan would look smart in navy and white, tan and white, or green and white.

**Materials required:** 8 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply or "Sun-beam" crochet wool shade No. 1075 (white); 2 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2133 (red); 1 pr. No. 10 needles, 7 buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 23ins. Bust, 32-34ins. Length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; w., white; r., red.

**Tension:** 13 sts., 2ins.; 17 rows, 2ins.

## BACK

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, cast on 96 sts., work in st.-st., working 7 rows w and 1 row r alternately, and decrease 1 st. each end of the 18th and then every 6th row following until decreased to 88 sts. Change to w wool, k 1 row. Work 5 rows rib of k 1, p 1. K 1 row. Change to r wool, p 1 row, increasing 1 st. each end of row. Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 108 sts. When work measures 16ins., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times.

When armholes measure 7ins., shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

## LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 60 sts. Work the 8 rows of pattern for 18 rows, casting on 7 sts. at centre front edge of last row to form a facing, and purling the last 2 sts. tog. Continue to decrease at side seam edge every 6th row until decreased to 61 sts. Change to w wool, k 1 row. Work 5 rows rib of k 1, p 1. K 1 row. Change to r wool, p 1 row, twice into last

st. Continue to increase 1 st. at side seam edge every 8th row until increased to 72 sts.

When work measures 16ins., cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 3ins., cast off 16 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 10 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. When armhole measures 7ins., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

## RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being on the 2nd and 3rd rows of ribbing at waist and 6 more 2ins. apart.

## BUTTONHOLES

**1st Row:** Work 2, cast off 3 sts., work 4, cast off 3 sts., work to end.

**2nd Row:** Work to last 6 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 2 sts.

## SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 72 sts. Work in pattern for 2ins., then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 6ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 44 sts. When work measures 6ins. from 1st dec., cast off 12 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Work remaining sts. in pattern for 2ins. Cast off. Stitch the 12 cast off sts. to side of st., worked for 2ins.

## LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in pattern for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 20ins. shape the same as top of short sleeve.

## FACING FOR NECK

Using No. 10 needles and w wool, cast on 7 sts. Work in st.-st. for 16ins. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves. Stitch back lin. facing down each front, around lower edge of cardigan and sleeves. Stitch facing on wrong side of neck. Sew buttons on left front. Reinforce waist with lastex thread.



THE WAISTLINE of this sporty cardigan is reinforced with lastex thread. Four rows were threaded through at back. Elastic will serve just as well, but stitch on evenly. Follow directions to complete success!

## Babies like nice cardigans too!

● This pretty bell-stitch model has been designed for the 1½ to 2-year-olds.

**MATERIALS required:** 3 balls "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof baby wool (blue); 1 pair No. 10 needles; 5 small buttons.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 12ins.; chest, 20ins.; length of sleeve seam, 9ins.

**Tension:** 8 sts., 1in.; 10 rows, 1in.

## BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 77 sts. Work 8 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

**1st Row:** P 2, \* (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1,

k 1) into next st., p 2, k 1, p 2, repeat from \* to last 3 sts., (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1) into next st., p 2.

**2nd Row:** K 2, \* p 5, k 2, p 1, k 2, rep. from \* to last 7 sts., k 5, k 2.

**3rd Row:** P 2, \* k 5, p 2, k 1, p 2, repeat from \* to last 7 sts., k 5, p 2. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows. Rep. 2nd row.

**7th Row:** P 2, \* k 5 tog., p 2, k 1, p 2, rep. from \* to last 7 sts., k 5 tog., p 2.

**8th Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 2, rep. from \* to end.

**9th Row:** P 2, \* k 1, p 2 (k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1) into next st., p 2, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2.

**10th Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 2, p 5, k 2, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2.

**11th Row:** P 2, \* k 1, p 2, k 5, p 2, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2.

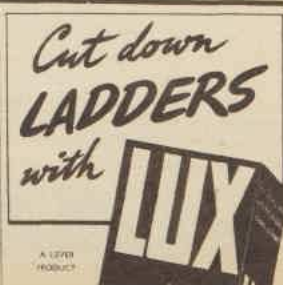
Rep. 10th and 11th rows. Rep. 10th row.

**15th Row:** P 2, \* k 1, p 2, k 5 tog., p 2, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 1, p 2.

Continued on page 28



THIS pretty little garment, specially designed for toddlers, was made in blue baby wool, but if your babe's coloring demands pink, then use it! Instructions are given at right.



Cut down LADDERS with LUX

## Tropical beauties for your garden



FEW SHRUBS can be seen so far away as the bright red hibiscus, *Candenti*. They should be pruned back hard every spring to enforce new growth and to discourage their straggly habits.



THE CEREUS or climbing cactus likes a place in the sun, and has got out of the ruck of its ground-hugging brethren in order to get it. Many varieties bloom at night and are very fragrant. They are not fussy as to soil—any sandy loam containing a little leaf mould or vegetable fibre suits them admirably.



LOTUS NELUMBIUM was sacred to the Egyptians. It is still a royal flower, and grows easily in warm parts of Australia in well-constructed lily-ponds. They grow beautifully, too, in 2ft. deep tubs.



THE NEAREST APPROACH to white in the hibiscus world is *Wilder's White*, shown here. It has a pink tinge outside, but is very beautiful, the pistil being bright crimson. Plant now.

MOST of the plants depicted on this page are natives of tropical or sub-tropical countries. And with one exception—the anthurium—they have made themselves at home in the gardens of those living in more or less temperate zones. If you like them, plant now, says Our Home Gardener.

- ☐ All of them, if afforded care and attention during winter, will provide brilliant color for months of the year. The hibiscus, for instance, if pruned back each spring, will flower almost the year round.
- ☐ The lotus is less floriferous, but produces many flowers lasting a long time.
- ☐ The climbing cactus is also a generous giver if provided with good soil, support, and sunshine.



ANTHURIUMS belong to the arum family, and are tropical and tender. They revel in glasshouse conditions where humidity is high. The variety shown here is an epiphyte and must be treated like an orchid; that is, grown in a fibrous compost consisting of fern root, sphagnum moss, and good drainage material. Blooms last for a long time, and their arrow-shaped leaves are extremely ornamental.

# YOUR CHILD'S EYES

● Defective vision big handicap in life.  
Take no chances now—warns Medico.

**DOES** your child see clearly? Or does she struggle against the handicap of defective vision?

Notice if she has any tell-tale signs, such as habitually holding a book close to her eyes, squinting when she reads, or thrusting her head forward to see far-off objects.

If she shows any of these indications, her eyes need examining.

Fortunately, the majority of eye defects can usually be corrected by glasses prescribed by an eye specialist. Many a child, however, is needlessly doomed to a lifetime of suffering from the disfigurement of cross-eyes because parents fail to take proper steps in time.

The cross-eyed child needs immediate help. If it is neglected, straightening the eye and saving the

sight become more difficult. Wise parents secure skilled medical aid as soon as a child shows any sign of cross-eyes.

Children are dependent upon their parents for guidance.

Teach your child about the glare from sun and artificial light. Make sure she does not read in a dim light. Tell her not to rub her eyes, especially when something gets into them.

Your child's future depends largely upon her sight. Take no chances. Regular eye examinations are the only way you can be sure that her eyes are normal.

If discovered in time, many defects can be rectified and eyesight corrected.

## About diabetes

THE immediate cause of diabetes is not known. But there are two predisposing causes which lead to this disease. Allowing oneself to become overweight is one. Inheritance is the other.

Occasionally, too, acute infectious diseases such as mumps appear to play a part in bringing on an attack of diabetes. For this reason doctors make a routine analysis of urine after an infectious disease.

The diabetic patient suffers from lack of a substance called insulin in his blood. As a result he cannot burn and utilise sugar in the ordinary way, and it is largely passed off through the urine.

The treatment of diabetes has become fairly standardised in recent years. It is now possible to prepare insulin artificially. This is injected into diabetic patients to make good what is missing.

The essential point about diabetes is, however, that it must be recognised early.



YOU GIVE your little ones everything within your power, guard them against sickness and accident, but do you care for their eyes? You should!



A MIXED BUNCH is always charming. Use your artistic sense in the arrangement, and the result will surprise you.

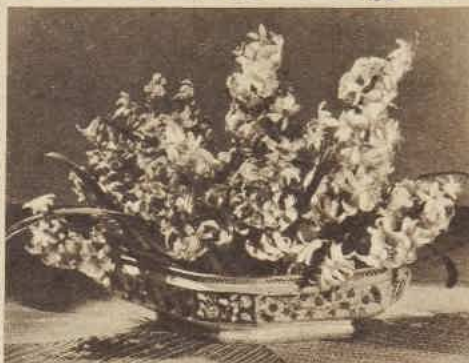


NO FLOWERS at all? Eggshells painted in pastels and hung on bare branches make novel decoration for the children's room.



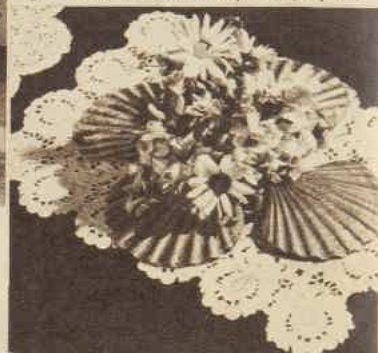
HALF-DOZEN flowers with green sprigs and colorful candles can be lovely centerpiece.

## For home brightness



THAT OLD SOUP tureen will hold flowers beautifully with aid of holder or crumpled netting to prevent flopping. Hyacinths are shown above, but nasturtiums, marigolds, or jonquils with their leaves will look donny.

● Flowers and greenery play a big part in keeping your rooms gay and charming. Even if scarce, always make the most of them . . . Few suggestions given herewith may help you.



Right: Flat shells and a few flowers also make novel table decoration.

## Miss Precious Minutes says:

**BETROOT** stains vanish . . . Soak a piece of white bread in water and place over betroot stain. This draws out color and does not affect cloth.

Do you remember picking the dark, clinging ivy leaves for mother to boil down into a liquor for cleaning father's black suit? It's still an effective method. Leaves are washed, covered with water, and boiled slowly for two hours. It's a poisonous concoction, so be careful.

NOW that it is difficult to buy cleaning spirit the simplest methods of cleaning have an airing. A cloth dipped in warm, very soapy water and used for sponging is often as effective as petrol-sponging. Care must be taken not to soak the material being cleaned. Lightly wring the cloth out and sponge with a brisk, circular movement.



GENTLE rubbing with olive oil or salad oil will often remove heat marks from a polished table, and can do no harm to any surface. Be sure, however, to use soft rags for the purpose.

## Babies like nice cardigans too!

Continued from page 26

**16th Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 2, repeat from \* to end. These 16 rows complete 1 pattern. Continue in pattern and when work measures 8 ins. cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Continue in pattern and when armholes measure 3 ins. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 47 sts. Work 8 rows moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

**Next Row:** Work 41 sts. in pattern, moss-st. 6.

**Next Row:** Moss-st. 6, work 41 sts. in pattern. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 8 ins. Cast off 3 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice, and at the same time k 2 tog. at centre front (inside border) on the next and then every 2nd row until dec. to 24 sts. When armhole measures 3 ins. shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

Work remaining 6 sts. in moss-st. for lin. Cast off.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1 in. from lower edge and 4 more 1 ins. apart.

### BUTTONHOLES

**1st Row:** Moss-st. 2, cast off 2 sts. work to end of row.  
**2nd Row:** Work to last 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., moss-st. 2.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles cast on 40 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 11 ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Inc. 1 st. and work in pattern. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 65 sts. When sleeve seam measures 9 ins. k 2 tog. each end of every row until dec. to 21 sts. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join borders at back of neck. Sew buttons on left front.



## NOW . . . Australian fishermen haul health from the deep

Here's the story of a magnificent Australian scientific achievement . . . the greatest health news on the Home Front!

When, at the outbreak of World War II, shipping space for goods other than vital war needs became acute, shipments of cod liver oil to this country were severely restricted. This threat to national fitness was immediately recognized by the Australian Government, and the aid of Australian Fish Derivatives Pty. Ltd. was sought in an effort to produce from local waters fish liver oils containing the high proportion of Vitamins A and D necessary to build resistance against the many ills to which children are subject.

Australian Fish Derivatives' Research Chemists went into action and produced "SCOMOL."

So successful were their labours that "SCOMOL" is now replacing the best fish liver oils ever imported to this country. Mothers everywhere will welcome "SCOMOL" as will children, because "SCOMOL" has none of the penetrating, strong, fishy taste associated with imported fish liver oils.

How can you buy "SCOMOL"? Nearly all the well-known emulsions and better malt extracts are now fortified with "SCOMOL" and your chemist will recommend the one best suited to your needs. Remember the name—"SCOMOL"—and ask him to-day.

"SCOMOL" is spectro-photometrically assayed and every gramme is guaranteed to contain 1000 International Units of protective body-building Vitamin A and 100 International Units of sunshine Vitamin D.



# 'SCOMOL'

PROTECTIVE VITAMIN A  
SUNSHINE VITAMIN D

Australian Fish Derivatives Pty. Ltd., 6-8 City Road, South Melbourne, S.C.A.  
Distributing Agents: Gullin & Co. Pty. Ltd.: Your State.



## ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Mothers—if your children are constipated give them relief this simple, pleasant way! To-night give them NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle, natural laxative. No need to coax or scold... Figsen is easy and pleasant to take. It won't upset little tummies. In the morning Figsen acts... gently, thoroughly and effectively. No gripping pain, no nausea; just an easy, comfortable action. NYAL FIGSEN is just as good for adults as it is for youngsters. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/34 a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

**Nyal Figsen**  
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

## Why I switched to Meds



—by a school teacher

Ancient history is my subject but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern, internal way. So I certainly was delighted when the makers of Meds brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 1/8 a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.



ONLY 1/8  
EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF  
MODESS

**Meds**

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

## ECZEMA ITCH KILLED IN SEVEN MINUTES

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, eczema, peeling, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, foot itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ in 7 minutes, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store today and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee proves you.

**Nixoderm now 2/-**  
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

## Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, hoarse or ragged—if he is listless, won't eat or is out of sorts—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powder. He will soon be lively and eating with his old, healthy appetite. BARKO tones up a dog's whole system and builds up his coat. 1/4 ALL CHEMISTS. See the can.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

## Smart and practical

• Hand-embroidered touches lend chic to these well-designed garments for winter.



THIS FROCK features a new cut which looks like a coat. Smart, isn't it? Details at top right.

THIS frock, shown left (No. 230), is designed in a very popular style, and is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready to cut out, machine, and then embroidered in cream, white, lemon, pink, and green winceyette.

You will note that this cosy ready-to-make comes to you in sizes to fit little tots from 2 to 8 years of age. Here are the prices: The frock to fit 2-4-year-olds in winceyette: 4/3; 4-6 years, 4/11; 6-8 years, 5/6. Please add 9d. extra for postage.

Paper patterns are also available for 1/4, and the embroidery transfer for 1/6 extra. Stranded cottons for any of the designs may be obtained also, price 4d. per skein.



## Attractive pyjamas

THESE pyjamas feature long, roomy trousers, long sleeves, as you can see, and a back-fastening which is finished with a neat belted effect. Attractive embroidery on the large patch-pockets adds a touch of gaiety to the useful little suit. The pattern is traced on best quality winceyette in dainty pastel shades of cream, soft pink, lemon, green, also plain white, in sizes to fit children from 1 to 2 years, 5/11; 2-4 years, 6/9; and 4-6 years, 8/3, plus 6d. extra for postage.

A paper pattern is also available for the design at the cost of 1/4, but we have no transfer for the embroidery.

## New, lovely jacket

THE ideal garment (note No. 234) to wear over your odd skirts or with your slacks, and it will brighten up that last year's winter frock. The design itself is simple and yet so smart, for it features the popular extended shoulder-line and a plain neckline which may worn as illustrated or with a jaunty tuck-in scarf. A very delightful floral motif adds the final note of smartness.

The jacket is obtainable traced on best quality British wool crepe in shades of almond-green, sage-blue, brown, grey, and cream, in sizes to fit 32 and 34 bust, for 11/6; 36 and 38 bust, 12/9; plus 9d. extra for postage.

A paper pattern is available from our Needlework Department at the cost of 1/7, and the matching transfer for 1/6 extra.



234

MAKE this jacket—look smart; be cosy at little cost.

## SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4997, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 1850, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4910, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4907, G.P.O. If calling, 178 Castle-reagh St., Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1900, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

## We too, smoke Turf



Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, make certain of one thing—a plentiful supply of Turf Cigarettes.

10 for 8d. 20 for 1/4

4743

TURF CIGARETTES ARE GUARANTEED 100% PURE

## HE WASHES FACES ALL DAY!



Next time you see a man nonchalantly washing the face of a large clock, like as not that'll be Henry Maling. Say, Henry! Isn't it cold up there? "Too right! But hot Bonox soon warms me up again, and keeps Old Man Flu well away from me." Yes, Bonox keeps your head above the 'flu line. Drink it steaming hot, to send glorious new strength racing through your bloodstream. Bonox raises your resistance—gives you more energy. Cafes, hotels, and milk bars serve Bonox—make it your daily refresher. Or buy a bottle on your way home, and drink hot Bonox as a night cap.

KHS



FALIERES'

**PHOSPHATINE  
FOOD** FOR INFANTS  
AND INVALIDS

Obtain Samples from your Baby Health Centre, or post this announcement, together with your name and address, to Joubert & Joubert Pty. Ltd., Box 4018, Melb.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

# Penny-wise recipes

- AUSTRALIA EXPECTS THIS DAY EVERY COOK TO DO HER DUTY. AND THAT MEANS TO BUY WISELY, COOK CAREFULLY, AVOID WASTE.
- IT MEANS TO LOOK AFTER THE PENNIES THAT MOUNT UP TO THE POUNDS AND TO KNOW THAT THE NATION'S STRENGTH IS BOUND UP WITH THE FAMILY'S HEALTH.

—Says OLWEN FRANCIS, Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

**E**XPERIENCED housewives know that the family's food is the last item on the household budget to be cut down. With care, however, and thoughtful planning an amazing amount of money, time, and energy can be saved. Saving on the bits and pieces is our story today—and what a story! Check up on yourself!

**Bread:** There is never any justification for wasting bread. Check the bin each day and place stale ends on top. Use in pies, steams, rissoles, scallops; for breadcrumbs, melba toast, milk toast, fried bread, croutons and sippets; for charlottes and fruit Bettys and crumb custard puddings. Canteen workers please make special note.

**Meat:** Animal fat is a valuable commodity. Carefully put aside all fat trimmings to render down for dripping for pastries and puddings and frying. Pour the fat from the grill pan into the dripping jar. Strain the fat from baking and frying back into the jar. No good housewife is ever short of dripping.

The bones from the joint can be used in second stock for soups and sauces. When you buy a boned joint, ask the butcher for the bones.

Bacon rind is a valuable flavoring agent. Use for flavoring soups and sauces and when cooking dried peas and beans, savory rice or macaroni.

**Milk:** It is a crime to waste it. If milk has become sour use for mixing scones or tea-cakes, for cream cheese or salad-dressing.

**Vegetables:** Do not peel or scrape young carrots, parsnips, or potatoes. Use the outer green vitamin-rich leaves of cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce. Shred finely before cooking and cook in the waterless way. Celery tops can be used to flavor savory dishes.

**Fruit:** Peelings and cores should be simmered with water to extract their flavor and value. The liquid can be sweetened and used as a beverage or for sweet sauce or syrup glaze.

Pasty and biscuit dough if not all used in the one baking can be wrapped in waxed paper, stored in a cold place, and baked as required.

And so we could go on. Here is my choice of economical recipes for the odds and ends:

## ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT CASSOLETTES

When oranges and grapefruit are used for salads or fruit juices do not discard the cases. The rind can be candied or grated for use as flavoring, or used as a cassalette for savory entrees. When foods are baked in these cases the delicate citrus flavor permeates through the food.

In preparing, the flesh should be cut out neatly with a grapefruit knife or small sharp knife. The pith is then removed as closely as possible to the rind. Trim edges of the case with scissors. Fill with savory filling, stand in a baking dish with just enough water to barely cover the bottom of the dish and bake as required.

**Suggested Fillings:** Creamed or curried fish, savory rice, creamed or curried vegetables, minced cooked veal in a white sauce, cheese spaghetti or macaroni.



LUSCIOUS RECIPES can be made from the peelings of fruit, as pictured here, from the stale crusts of bread, and from the bits and pieces we so often discard. There are some suggestions on this page. Read all about them!

## Kitchen cut-outs BASIC RECIPE No. 3

### Shortcrust pastry

Eight ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1oz. dripping, squeeze lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in dripping, and mix to a dry dough. Roll as required. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then for further time in moderate oven (325-350 deg. F.) to cook filling.

Quickness, lightness, and coldness in mixing and hot oven for baking are essential.

**RICH SHORTCRUST:** Use butter instead of dripping, and 1 egg-yolk. Use for special occasions—large or small pastry cases.

**SWEET PASTRY:** Add 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon corn-flour, and flavoring as lemon or orange rind or vanilla. Use for custard tarts, fruit pies, cheese cakes.

**SOUR MILK PASTRY:** Use sour milk instead of water and add good pinch of soda to flour.

**NUTTY PASTRY:** Add 2 tablespoons finely-chopped nuts and good pinch of spice or lemon rind. Use for vegetable or fruit pies.

**CHEESE PASTRY:** Add 2 tablespoons finely-grated cheese and dash of pepper. Use for vegetable, salad, or apple pastries.

## BAKED FRUIT CHARLOTTE

Two cups fruit pulp, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 3 or 4 thin slices stale bread, 1 cup milk, sugar and spice to taste, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Line an ovenproof dish with fingers of stale bread; moisten bread with milk. Cut fingers of bread for top of dish, and brush with milk. Add remainder of milk to breadcrumbs and combine with fruit pulp, adding sugar and spice to taste. Pile this into the dish, cover with fingers of bread. Pour the melted butter over this bread and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

## PEA POD SOUP

Pea pods from 1lb. peas, 1 teaspoon thyme or mixed herbs, 3 eschalots and 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 medium-sized potatoes, ½oz. butter or margarine or dripping, 1½ pints stock or water, 1 tablespoon ground rice, 1 pint milk.

Melt fat and add pea pods, thyme, chopped eschalots, diced potato and seasoning. Saute for 5 minutes and add the stock or water and simmer gently about 45 minutes. Pass through a sieve, pressing as much of the pulp through as possible. Add the ground rice (cornflour or plain flour may be used) blended with a little of the milk. Simmer for 10 minutes and then add remainder of the milk. A few drops of green coloring may be added. Serve piping hot with toasted bread sippets.

## APPLE SKIN JELLY

When preparing apple for pies and puddings discard only the stem and blossom tips and any bruised pieces. Cover skins and cores with cold water and gently simmer for about 30 minutes. Strain juice and add an equal measure of sugar. Boil 2 or 3 minutes and test for the jelly test (sheeting from the spoon) and cook until it gives the jelly test. Bottle or use as a glaze for cake or tart. Four apples should give about 1 cup juice and make sufficient jelly for a small jar or dish for the table.



## Such seasonable recipes!



**COLD NIGHTS** and steamed puddings! To mix with a difference add freshly-grated lemon or orange rind to the raisins or currants. In dried apple puddings, use brown sugar and chopped mint. Dripping instead of butter if it comes steaming hot direct from stove to table.

● Everybody will like these—and they win cash prizes for readers.

**THE** thirty-minute soup sent in by Miss Cunningham, of Brisbane, is this week's star recipe. It's quick, satisfying, and seasonable—there's not much more one could ask of a recipe.

Serve it for lunch, at home or in the packed thermos, or for the family dinner, or for a soul-cheering, hot drink at a late supper session after a busy day.

The other prizes awarded this week are good, too, for the winter menu, says Olwen Francis. The caramel bread pudding of Mrs. Tilghman is a challenge to those who have said through the years, "But I don't like bread pudding." This is a light, tangy, hot bread pudding with a difference.

The wholemeal apple cake, as Mrs. Backhouse said in her letter, is a good, simple dinner sweet for a cold winter's night.

### THIRTY-MINUTE SOUP

Slice 4 or 5 large potatoes and 2 or 3 large onions. Add stick celery to flavor, cover well with water in a large shallow saucepan, and boil until soft, about 25 minutes. Rub all through a strong wire sieve. Return to pan. Add 1 tablespoon Worcester or tomato sauce, 1 breakfastcup milk, and lump of butter. Simmer all gently for 2 minutes, but do not boil. Sprinkle with a little finely-chopped parsley, and serve with cheese crackers.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Cunningham, c/o 167 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.



"MY! This Yorkshire pudding has risen beautifully," says Virginia Field, RKO player, who cooks as well as acts. The batter was beaten well, fat was hot, oven quick, and it's served straightaway with the hot roast beef. A tip: Follow these hints next time you serve it!

### WHOLEMEAL APPLE CAKE

One cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 egg, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 apples, and little cinnamon.

Beat egg, sugar and butter well together, then add flour and mix with a little milk (or water) to make a thick sponge. Put in buttered sandwich tin. Slice 2 cooking apples thinly over top, and sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and little dabs of butter. Bake in moderate oven till apples are soft and brown on top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Backhouse, Kooringal, Cobram, Vic.

### WHEATMEAL AND SYRUP RISCUITS

Three ounces butter, 3oz. golden syrup, 1 egg, 6oz. wheatmeal, 2oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon castor sugar.

Beat butter to a cream, add syrup and egg and beat again for few minutes. Mix meal, flour, baking powder and ginger together and work them gradually into cream mixture. Turn out on a board dredged with meal. Knead and roll out thin, thick, cut into rounds, dredge with castor sugar, and bake on greased tin in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Winifred Blaubaum, 10 Lanoma St., E. Launceston, Tas.

### CARAMEL BREAD PUDDING

One and a half cups sugar, 3 cups milk, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon vanilla, 2 eggs, slightly beaten, ½ tablespoon salt, 3 tablespoons melted butter.

Caramelize sugar, scald milk, and slowly add caramel mixture to it. Pour over breadcrumbs and let stand for 15 minutes. Combine slightly-beaten eggs, salt, crumb mixture, melted butter and vanilla. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Olive R. Tilghman, Bellawonga, Berry, N.S.W.

## PENNYWISE RECIPES

(From opposite page)

### CANDIED LEMON OR ORANGE PEEL

Remove all pith from lemon or orange peel. Cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Boil 20 minutes, drain, cover again, and cook until peel is tender. Drain, cool and cut into narrow strips with kitchen scissors. To every 2½ cups peel allow 2 cups sugar and 2-3rds cup water or orange juice. Make a syrup of sugar and liquid, add peel, and cook until liquid makes a thread test in cold water or reaches the temperature of 350 deg. F. Drain peel and spread on waxed paper; stand for several hours. Roll in sugar, shaking off excess sugar, and store in a tightly-lidded container.

### PINEAPPLE SKIN HONEY

Peelings and core from 1 pineapple, 2 small lemons, 2 or 3 cloves, 1 blade mace, water, sugar.

Slice lemons thinly, remove pips, and add to pineapple peelings in a pan. Add cloves and blade mace and cover with water. Boil gently until lemon peel is softened, and liquid is reduced to about half its original quantity. Strain through double muslin or a fine tea-cloth. To every cup of juice add 1 cup sugar and boil fairly quickly until mixture gives the jelly test. Bottle and seal.

### BUTTER STRETCHER RECIPE (1lb. to 1lb.)

One tablespoon rice, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1lb. butter. Cook rice in salted milk until rice is quite tender. Add beaten egg and cook very slowly for 2 or 3 minutes. Rub this mixture through a fine hair sieve and allow to cool. Cream butter well and, beating well, combine with this mixture and allow to harden.

## On Duty through the Blitz

Lady CAROLYN HOWARD is in the Auxiliary Transport Service



"Just a few minutes daily grooming with Pond's Creams keeps my complexion lovely," says

LADY CAROLYN HOWARD

Pond's two creams can do as much for your complexion as they have for Lady Carolyn's! When you use Pond's two creams together, their effect is truly marvellous. Follow the same beauty method as Lady Carolyn Howard. First, use Pond's Cold-Cream for thorough cleansing. Pond's Cold Cream sinks right down

into the pores and floats out all the dust and powder that has accumulated there. Your skin becomes clearer. Those little "worry" lines vanish.

Then, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and away go those tiny bits of dry skin that roughen and dull your complexion. Your skin looks delicate, clearer—and it feels definitely softer. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a lovely matt finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours. Always use Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams together as a complete beauty method.



Sold at all stores and chemists, in small and large jars, also tubes for the handbag. For economy, buy the large jar containing approximately 2½ times as much as the small jar.

## Always Wakes Up So Happy and Bright

Teething "upsets" so easily pull baby down—yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders are guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders 1/7



## ASHTON & PARSONS Infants' Powders

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERMINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD. POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

*Ready Prepared*

FOR SERVICE anytime. Rosella Sausages and Vegetables make a tasty meal when simply heated. Also Rosella Curried Sausages and Vegetables.

**SAUSAGES AND VEGETABLES**

by **Rosella**

# SERVED IN A SHAKE!

...THESE DELICIOUS, HEALTH-GIVING  
WINTER BREAKFAST-FOODS



## BIXIES—

Wheat in its most delicious form. Crisp, browned flakes, flavoured with rich-tasting malt and honey, with ready to serve. Follow the golden road to health by serving Bixies every morning.



With the chill, cold days of winter, children—and grown-ups, too—need the inner warmth and protection provided by these famous Sanitarium Breakfast Foods. Made in such a way that the original food value of the golden grain is retained with as little loss as possible, each heaping plateful contains its full quota of proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts—the muscle and energy-building elements which scientists agree MUST be included in our daily diet if we are to maintain robust health and vitality... "Served in a shake," they take no time to prepare—are always ready—and are equally delicious with hot or cold milk, cream or stewed fruits. Obtainable everywhere.

## CORN FLAKES

Sanitarium's newest product—and already a firm favourite with young and old. Crisp, golden flakes of mouth-watering deliciousness that contain the natural goodness of the grain, enriched with flavourful malt.

**SERVE THEM HOT!**

Did you know that you can serve any of these Sanitarium Breakfast Foods HOT? Simply shake a generous helping into a bowl in the usual way, but add HOT milk instead of cold. You'll find that the hot milk brings out the FULL richness of the cereal, giving it added deliciousness and flavour. Popular with cold milk, cream or stewed fruits in the summer—now more popular than ever on cold winter mornings!

## WEET-BIX

Crisply browned wheat flakes in "easy to serve" biscuit form. A treat for school lunches when spread with butter or jam. Best of all when served with milk, cream or stewed fruit to bring out their full flavour and goodness.

## SAN-BRAN

Doctors agree that our present-day diet lacks essential elements of "bulk," without which really perfect health and "top of the morning" vitality is impossible. To supplement YOUR diet and provide these necessary elements, the Sanitarium Health Food Company has produced SAN-BRAN, a tasty breakfast cereal that everyone enjoys and everyone needs.



Sanitarium

**HEALTH FOODS**